THE AMERICAN WEST

COVER:

The large view on pages 42-43 of San Diego's tent city and the Coronado Hotel was the inspiration for this colorful interpretation by artist V. Douglas Snow. His work has also appeared in other issues of THE AMERICAN WEST.

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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By Francis Haines

Horses for Western Indians

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Gustavus Sohon sketched this spirited scene and later reproduced it in watercolors.

"This has been an extremely interesting day, as about 2,500 of the Nez Perce tribe have arrived. It was our first specimen of this Prairie chivalry, and it certainly realized all our conceptions of these wild warriors of the plains. Their coming was announced about 10 o'clock, and going out on the plain to where a flag staff had been erected, we saw them approaching in one long line. They were almost entirely naked, gaudily painted and decorated with their wild trappings. Their plumes fluttered about them, while below, skins and trinkets of all kinds of fantastic embellishments flaunted in the sunshine. Trained from early childhood to almost live upon horseback, they sat upon their fine animals as if they were centaurs. Their horses, too,

were arrayed in the most glaring finery. They were painted with such colors as formed the greatest contrast; the white being smeared with crimson in fantastic figures, and the dark colors streaked with white clay. Beads and fringes, of gaudy colors were hanging from the bridles, while plumes of eagle feathers interwoven with the mane and tail, fluttered as the breeze swept over them, and completed their wild and fantastic appearance.

This image of a host of mounted Indians on formal parade was written in the journal of a young army lieutenant, Lawrence Kip, at the treaty council in the valley of the Walla Walla, Oregon Territory, in the spring of 1855.

The following impressions are from the journal of George Catlin when he first met the tribe of Comanche Indians in the summer of 1834:

. . . one of their party galloped out in advance of the war party, on a milk-white horse, carrying a piece of white buffalo skin on the point of his long lance. This moment was the commencement of one of the most thrilling and beautiful scenes I ever witnessed. On a beautiful and gently rolling prairie, he was reining and spurring his maddened horse, and gradually approaching us by tacking to the right and left. . . . He at length came prancing and leaping along till he met the flag of the regiment, when he leaned his spear for a moment against it. . . . I am ready without hesitation to pronounce the Comanches the most extraordinary horsemen that I have ever seen and I doubt very much whether any people in the world can surpass them. . . . A Comanche on his feet is out of his element and comparatively almost awkward . . . but the moment he lays his hand upon his horse he gracefully flies away an entirely different being.

Groups of Anglo-Americans, moving westward to the open plains in the early nineteenth century, had much the same reactions when they encountered the proud buffalo hunters in full Plains regalia, riding spirited horses. To these travelers it was not surprising that the open grasslands of the West should be dominated by mounted warriors, as other such lands in the Old World had been held by Cossacks, Mongols, Arabs, Bedouins, and Moors. For thirty-five hundred years' history, legend and folklore had been filled with tales of attacks on civilized areas by such wild horsemen.

Thus, there was no question but that the Plains Indians had been horsemen from time immemorial. The entire culture seemed to depend on the horse, and the horse-culture complex was at a high stage of development, about on a level with that of the Asiatic steppes, where horses had been used for thousands of years. All this seemed to imply that horses had been in use on the western plains for a long period.

Yet once historians and anthropologists began delving into the records of early western explorers and travelers, it soon became apparent that horses had come to the western United States in comparatively recent times, and had come from the Spanish colonies to the south. Indian tradition and folklore supported this idea of recent acquisition.

The first horses in modern times to reach Mexico were landed at Vera Cruz in 1519, but none were used north of the Rio Grande until 1540. Three hundred years later the Plains culture, so heavily dependent upon horses, was in full flower. It was thought then that the Indians must have secured some horses almost as soon as the Spaniards brought the strange animals to the southern plains.

In 1914 Clark Wissler, long considered a leading authority on Plains Indians, stated that horses could have reached the limits of their natural range in the western United States as early as 1600. He suggested that a band of strays from the expeditions of DeSoto and Coronado could have furnished the parent stock, multiplying rapidly in a favorable environment. These wild horses then were caught and tamed by the Indians. Wissler's material has been widely accepted, and is cited in many historical writings.

Valid as Wissler's hypothesis seemed to many scholars and writers in eastern cities, it was questioned by westerners who knew something of raising and training horses on open pastures. Once it was subjected to a critical examination, it collapsed completely. No small band of stray horses was lost by either DeSoto or Coronado in the right area, the plains of Texas.

Consider briefly the forces led by Hernando DeSoto, which landed on the Florida coast in May 1539. They had only war horses, some two hundred in number. Baggage and supplies were carried by captive Indians. Fatigue, accidents, and hostile Indians had reduced the herd to about forty by the time DeSoto died on the bank of the Mississippi in May 1542.

Luis de Moscoso, appointed to succeed DeSoto, hoped to find a way overland to the west and south which would take the party back to Mexico. With his men and about forty horses he moved up the Red River, crossed it near Shreveport, then traveled southwesterly until he reached a large river, presumably the Trinity.

On the banks of this river Moscoso found an Indian

village. In it was a young Indian woman who said she had escaped from a party of Spaniards nine days' journey to the northwest. She must have been running scared, for the distance from the Barrancas, where she left Coronado's party about a year earlier, to this spot on the Trinity is more than 350 miles airline. With Coronado reporting no losses of horses at the Barrancas, and Moscoso reporting none at the Indian village, any strays from these two expeditions would have been separated by four hundred or more miles. Nor would any strays in the one case head out toward the southeast, and in the other case toward the northwest. Stray horses in strange country would tend to follow the main trail and be recaptured, or follow the back trail. In either case there is no reasonable probability that such strays could meet in that vast country.

Moscoso then led his men, and presumably all his horses, back to the Mississippi, for the chronicle mentions no loss of horses along the way. On the banks of the great river the weary Spanish built a fleet of seven brigantines and loaded them with the remnants of the expedition, 322 men and 22 horses. The rest of the horses, unfit for further service, were killed for food.

As the Spaniards sailed slowly down the Mississippi they came under many Indian attacks which killed a total of ten men and some of the horses. These animals were then dressed out for food. As the little fleet approached salt water in the Mississippi delta, the six or seven surviving horses were turned loose on the riverbank to forage as best they might, but they were shot full of arrows by Indians in ambush before the Spaniards were out of sight downstream.

Some writers have stated that these were the horses which started the range stock in Texas. Wounded though they were, they swam rivers and crossed swamps and bayous infested with alligators. Then they worked their way through the forest belt of western Louisiana and east Texas, searching for, and finally reaching, the open plains they had remembered so fondly. Once in the grasslands they settled down and raised enough colts to stock the whole area and furnish horses for Indian tribes from the Rio Grande to Canada, all in the period of sixty years.

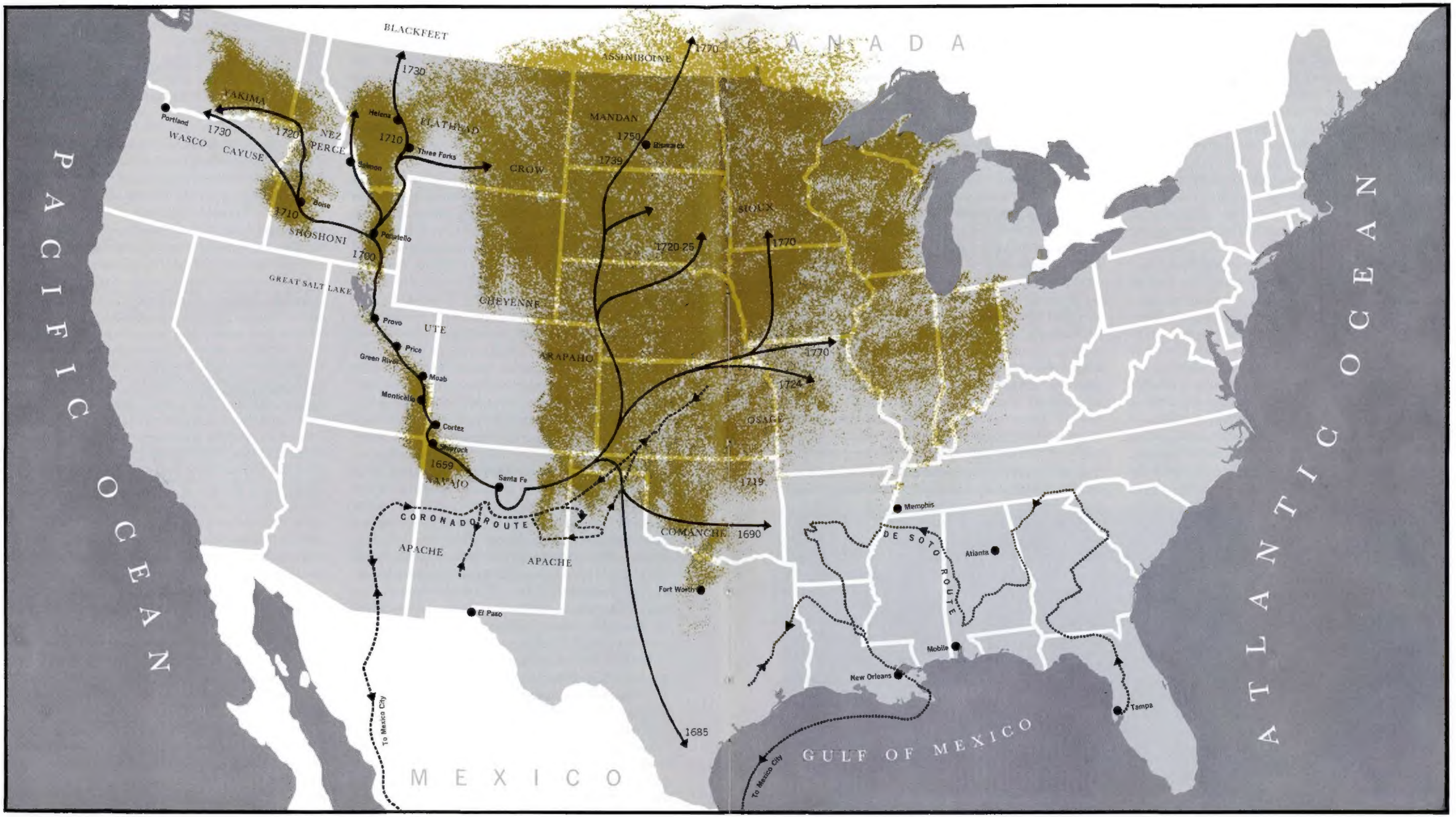
Even if these horses could have accomplished this impossible journey, guided westward by some strange power, for they could not have known the direction to Texas, they still could not have stocked the plains, nor could they have produced even one colt, for they were all stallions. Not only were stallions prescribed by Spanish law, they were preferred for their superior strength and fierceness and dictated by group opinion.

Even a servant or a priest could not ride a mare on such a venture. The presence of a few mares in the horse herd would cause endless serious trouble, and the mares would be unserviceable three or four months of each year. Worse even than these difficulties would be the ridicule, sarcasm and hostility of all the other soldiers. Half a century later Cervantes reflected the strength of this attitude in Spain when he had Don Quixote ride forth on a mare. To a Spaniard this was the ultimate ridicule that could be heaped on a knight.

The expedition led by Francisco Coronado entered the Texas Panhandle from the west, coming by way of Arizona and New Mexico. In contrast to the DeSoto party, Coronado had many women and children along, and a large herd of pack animals. It is possible that some mares were used in the pack string, but most of these animals were mules. Also it would have been socially permissible for a soldier's wife to ride a mare. The official list of horses for the mounted men lists specifically 557 stallions and two mares. Even so, the possibility of a stallion and one or two mares being lost together in Texas, and the loss not recorded, is remote indeed.

Consider then the problems involved in the survival and rapid reproduction for such strays. Mathematically a stallion and one mare could produce a herd of some five hundred offspring in twenty years. With two mares initially the production would be twice this number, while a second stallion would be of no added value. This production rate assumes each mare would have a foal each year, all the foals would grow to maturity, and each filly would start producing foals at the age of three —perhaps sound mathematically but impossible biologically. Some of the fillies would be barren, many would produce only one or two colts, and many would produce colts at irregular intervals because of variations inherent in such a complex biological process. Even with ideal range conditions and each mare producing ten colts, there would still not be enough offspring to furnish horses to all the Plains tribes by 1600.

Note, too, that not all the colts could survive, nor all the mares live to produce ten colts, and during the first few years any loss would cut the possible total a great deal. And during the first years the strays would have the least chance of survival. While they were learning to live in their new environment, they would be subject



The horse, which revolutionized Indian life in the West, spread quickly from tribe to tribe from a base in New Mexico. The green areas on the map indicate grasslands which offered routes facilitating the spread of horses and on which the animals were used to a maximum extent by the Indians. This was notably so in the Northwest and in the buffalo country of the Great Plains.

to attacks by the predators—coyotes, wolves, pumas. Blizzards, drought, bad water, and poisonous plants might take their toll.

According to the Wissler hypothesis, once bands of wild horses had been well established in the initial area, the Indians there would begin to capture and tame them. Presumably they would be led to this novel behavior pattern from having seen the Spaniards ride by several years earlier. They would also be able to reproduce Spanish horse gear and know how to use it. They would even know the details of breaking and handling untamed horses, even though they had never seen anyone break or tame a horse, and wild horses require much greater skill to capture and break than range-raised tame horses.

In addition to the difficulties mentioned above, there is still another objection to the Wissler hypothesis. In 1630 a Spanish priest, Fray Benevides, made an extensive survey of all the tribes adjoining the Spanish colony of New Mexico, with no mention of any horses, wild or tame, among any of these tribes, although the priest gives in some detail the food, clothing, customs, types of dwellings, and natural resources for each tribe. Can anyone seriously believe that the Indians of the Texas Panhandle, after taming wild horses and developing a horse-culture complex, would almost immediately pass all their horses, wild and tame, and all their horse gear, to other tribes to the north and east? And if wild horse bands existed in such great numbers anywhere on the southern plains in the late sixteenth century, why were there no reports of wild horses anywhere in that area until two hundred years later? In that open, semiarid land, even a small band would leave spoor at the dry-season water holes to be recognized by any horseman who passed that way in the next ten or fifteen years. Hence, even a few small bands could not have entirely escaped notice by the few travelers.

Although it is obvious the horses of the Plains Indians did not come from either DeSoto or Coronado expedition strays, they undoubtedly were of Spanish stock, secured from Spanish colonies. The entire horse-culture complex was borrowed bodily from the Spaniards, and was used with only minor adaptations. This important development took place between 1650 and 1770.

For the Indians of the Southwest to secure a large supply of horses and to integrate them into the Indian pattern of living in a short time required some years of close association between red men and white. For the Indians to adopt Spanish gear and horse-handling methods, many samples of gear and long exposure to methods were needed. While Indians could not learn such a culture complex by watching a Spanish expedition ride by, they could learn it rather easily if they worked around

Crow Indians moving camp. Patterned on the older dog device, the horse travois greatly increased Indian moving efficiency.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

the stock ranches of the New Mexican colony for a few years, the only possible source of such instruction in the seventeenth century.

The Spanish settlements along the Rio Grande in New Mexico were begun in 1598 by Juan de Oñate, with Santa Fe the heart of the colony after 1609. From the first the settlers had friendly trade relations with most of the adjacent tribes, an ample supply of horses, and furnished many examples each day of the advantages of horses as servants.

While a rancher of that period did not actually live in the saddle, he usually spent the major portion of each day riding. He depended on the horse to transport both people and supplies. He or one of his helpers rode a horse and led a pack string to supply his sheepherders who had to watch their flocks on the open range 365 days a year. The herds of cattle needed some attention almost daily, and could be handled only by men on horseback. And finally, the herds of brood mares and spare horses needed some watching lest they stray, or be stolen, or wander into the crops.

This horse herd was large. The working horses were fed no hay or grain, but had to subsist on natural forage, and required two or three days of rest to replenish wasted tissues and to store up reserves for another working day. Hence a vaquero might need a saddle string of eight to ten animals during periods of activity such as roundups and trail drives.

When a rancher traveled, he usually took along two or three men for protection and companionship. Each of the party required several mounts for an extended journey, so even a group of three might take fifteen to twenty horses, often changing mounts each morning and noon. Then there were the pack animals for the many tasks and a small band of draft animals for cultivating fields and for small hauling jobs.

To provide all these working animals, each rancho needed a large herd of brood mares. Horses raised on the range were usually not broken to ride until they were four years old, for growth is slower under range conditions than with stable-raised, grain-fed stock. With the mares were the new colts, the yearlings, the two-year-olds, and the three-year-olds. In addition there would be riding horses and pack animals turned out for a few days' rest after a hard trip. Some mules were raised, too, usually for pack animals, and these would range with the horses.

All the livestock—sheep, cattle, horses, mules—had to be guarded from thieves and predators and had to be kept from the cultivated fields along the streams, for until barbed wire was brought to the western ranges after the Civil War it was physically impossible to fence the stock from the croplands.

It is obvious that raising, breaking, handling, and using horses kept the Spanish ranchers and their men busy. Since many Indians were used on the ranches as servants, some of them were assigned to help with the stock and especially to help around the stables and corrals. Although it was against the law in New Spain for Indians to ride horses, the Rio Grande valley was far from the viceroy in Mexico City, and the need for horsemen was great. Ranchers often ignored breaches of the law around their own places. Many of them permitted, even encouraged, the Indian helpers to ride for range stock, or to help on cross-country trips with the horses and camp chores.

Indian helpers even from the sedentary Pueblo people became restive under their bonds. With the Spaniards dominating the Pueblo villages, a rebel had no place to run, no place to hide, unless he joined one of the wild tribes to the north or east, across many miles of open country. To escape mounted pursuers, he had to be mounted, too, and on a better horse, so he took the best in the stables, leaving the second rate for his master.

A fugitive ran some risk of being killed by the wild tribes, but more often he was taken in, sometimes as a servant, often as an equal. With his well-broken horses and his thorough knowledge of horse handling he could teach his new friends a great deal about horses in a short time. Then they could steal a few, raise a few more, and in a span of five to ten years become horse-using Indians, a mounted band.

Note that the rapid spread of horses, and their almost immediate adoption by each succeeding tribe, required a pattern much like the above. Since the records show plainly that the spread of horses was rapid indeed, from the first mention of mounted Navajos in 1659 to the mounting of the last Sioux bands on the Canadian border by 1770, this can be explained only by the presence of well-trained horses handled by competent instructors for the initial learning period for each tribe.

Many tribes secured their first horses in trade. Each tribe usually had one or two neighbors with whom it traded regularly, a common pattern being that of a farming tribe trading crops for dried meat and robes of a hunting-tribe neighbor. Once one of these tribes secured

a few horses, it would soon trade one or two to its neighbor at the annual meeting, thus securing an elderly, well-broken horse at the start. Nez Perce tradition is explicit in this matter. It says that the Asotin band secured their first horse, a pregnant white mare, in trade from the Shoshoni in the Boise area.

Until 1680 the supply of horses for the Indians was severely limited by Spanish law, and by a careful watch on the range herds. Then came the Pueblo Revolt of 1680, driving out or killing all the Spaniards. The Spanish survivors, retreating hastily to the south, left most of their livestock in the hands of the rebels.

The Pueblo Indians prized the manageable sheep for their wool, hides, and meat. The cattle were less desirable, being harder to manage and requiring more range, so many of them were killed. Without cattle to herd, and little traveling to do, the Pueblos had little use for the thousands of horses, except to trade them to the wild tribes at good prices. There appears, then, to be a direct connection between the sudden acquisition of several thousand horses by the Pueblo Indians in 1680 and the rapid spread of horses throughout the southern plains in the next thirty years. The horse frontier seems to have moved out from Santa Fe in a rather regular pattern, like the ripple from a splash at the corner of a swimming pool, restricted on the west by the front range of the Rocky Mountains. Horses were reported in southern Texas in 1685, and at both the mouth of the Colorado River of Texas and on the Red River near the Arkansas-Texas border in 1690.

The moving horse frontier was encountered in Oklahoma in 1719 by DuTisne, in eastern Kansas in 1724 by Bourgmont, and somewhere south of the Mandan villages in the Dakotas in 1739 by the Verendryes. In 1766 Jonathan Carver found some of the Sioux still living in the swamp and lake country of northwestern Minnesota, while Peter Pond, trading with the same Indians in 1772 found them out on the plains on horseback, indicating that the horse frontier had reached the natural limits of the plains in that direction about 1770.

Thus, the horses moved to the north and northeast from the Texas Panhandle at a rate of about ten miles a year after the Pueblo Revolt. This slow rate of diffusion is easy to understand when the vast area involved is considered, from the front range of the Rockies to the eastern woodlands. During this period, too, there was some movement of Indian tribes from north to south, the Kiowas, for instance, moving from the Canadian border to the Texas Panhandle. Thus, while new tribes might be acquiring horses at a fairly rapid rate, the southward movement of the tribes would slow the northward advance of the horse frontier.

Although horses had not reached the Mandan villages until 1742, the Blackfeet in Alberta reported horses in northern Montana, along the Marias River, about 1730, and that their horses first came from the southwest, not the southeast. Their account is supported by Crow tradition that their first horses came from the west. Horses, to reach the Crows from the west, and the Blackfeet from the southwest, must have come from the upper Snake valley and across the Three Forks area of Montana. This conclusion concerning the route followed by these horses rests on a rather detailed knowledge of the Montana range country, secured at first hand by the author over a period of sixty years.

Wasco Indians at The Dalles on the Columbia River likewise had an account of the arrival of the first horse there, estimated in 1855 as having happened about 125 years earlier, or about 1730. Such horses would have to come from the upper Snake valley also, across the desert plateau to the Boise area, then across the Snake River and the Blue Mountains of northeastern Oregon along the route followed later by the Oregon Trail. Again this route is dictated by geography as far as Boise. Possibly the horses went north from Boise to the Nez Perces, then west from the mouth of the Clearwater.

With the Blackfoot estimate and the independent Wasco estimate agreeing in major details, we may postulate a supply of range horses in the upper Snake valley, in the hills east of Pocatello and Idaho Falls, as early as 1700, possibly by 1690. The problem now is to trace the most probable route followed by the horses from Santa Fe to Pocatello, and to account for the more rapid movement northward of the horses in the Great Basin compared to a similar movement on the Great Plains.

A field study of the terrain west of the continental divide shows that only a narrow strip close to the mountains was stocked with horses at an early period. Western Utah, Nevada, and southeastern Oregon, all high desert country with rugged mountain ranges, had only a scant population of "Digger" Indians with a very low level of culture. To these people a horse was immensely more valuable as immediate food than as a servant. This confined the horses to the strips of good pasture land in southeastern Colorado, eastern Utah, and southeastern Idaho, only a small fraction of this area. Here small

PAINTING BY ALFRED JACOB MILLER, COURTESY THE WALTERS ART GALLERY

Very soon after the Pueblo Revolt in New Mexico in 1680, the Indians in the Northwest had acquired the horse.

Indian tribes, such as the Utes, Shoshoni, and Bannocks, had reached a higher level of culture and could value horses more as servants than as an immediate food supply. Here, too, was sufficient forage for the small horse herds. As a result of these two factors—the narrow strip of pasture land between the high mountains to the east and the desert to the west—only a few horses were required to furnish an adequate supply for each band.

Another factor which would make these Indians satisfied with fewer horses was the absence of buffalo herds in their country. The small herds found in the early nineteenth century in the strip of land from Great Salt Lake north to the Montana border had come across from the north about half a century after the advent of the horses. Hence the local Indians used horses for riding and for pack animals, but they had no herds of game to follow. They would be willing to trade a few horses from their herds almost from the first, thus speeding the northward spread of the animals.

With all these factors in mind, it is easier to outline the probable spread of horses west of the Rockies. A report from Santa Fe to Mexico City in 1659 mentions a raid by mounted Indians from the northwest. These would be Navajo-Apaches from the Shiprock area. Their use of horses for a raid indicates that they were accustomed to horses and had had horses for some time, possibly as early as 1650.

From the Shiprock area horses moving north would pass the sites of Cortez and Monticello to the easy crossing of the Colorado River and canyon at Moab, Utah, then along the present highway route to Green River, Price, Provo, and Salt Lake City. North from the Great Salt Lake an easy trail follows the Bear River north, then crosses a low divide to the Portneuf tributary of the Snake River along the old channel of the outlet for ancient Lake Bonneville.

From the upper Snake valley horses could easily move west across the desert plateau during the winter season to the Boise and Payette valleys, then across the Blue Mountains to the Columbia Basin, or north up the Payette, across to the Little Salmon and on to the Nez Perce country. A more difficult trail from the upper Snake led north to Salmon City and on across the divide to the Bitterroot valley in western Montana. But the easiest trail of all led north into the open ranges of southwestern Montana across several easy passes, then down the streams to Three Forks, Helena, and Augusta, bypassing the Gates of the Mountains gorge by way of Wolf Creek. From Three Forks another easy trail led

east across a low pass to the Yellowstone River and on to the Crow country.

It is evident from the topography of the upper Snake valley that this area formed a natural distribution center for horses, once breeding herds had been established. Also the Shoshoni-in this area would be satisfied at first with a comparatively small number of animals until they adjusted their living patterns to make better use of the new servants. They would have some horses to trade to the north and west only a few years after they first secured the animals.

With the knowledge that horses from the Shoshoni herds reached both the Marias River in northern Montana and The Dalles on the Columbia by 1730, we are led to the assumption that horses were introduced to southeastern Idaho from New Mexico by 1700, possibly as early as 1690. This would place horses at the Three Forks of the Missouri and in the Boise valley by 1710, and among the Nez Perce, Cayuse, and Flathead tribes by 1720.

To the Plains tribes horses did not bring a new way of living, but a great enrichment of the old way. They still lived off the buffalo, but now they could kill the animals more easily and in greater numbers. They could follow the herds more closely, and could transport larger lodges, more food, and many more personal belongings. Their adjustments to the new servants were small and easily made.

To the Nez Perces at first the horse was a luxury, a prestige item. They were a sedentary people, some three thousand of them living in about fifty small fishing villages along the Snake, Clearwater, and Salmon rivers. Each village was a small, closely knit community, united loosely with the others by a common language and a common culture. Communal ownership of the fishing places, houses, berry patches and the like was managed by the elders, with the head man, or "chief," exercising only nominal control, his mild authority confined to the village area.

Salmon and other fish from the river supplied the bulk of their food. This was supplemented by game and camas bulbs, with several roots and berries as minor additions. The Nez Perces kept close to their home villages with short trips up and down the stream on visits. Each summer they climbed to the plateau for several weeks, harvesting camas bulbs and huckleberries.

In such a culture horses would be of little use. A few pack animals could carry the camp gear and provisions between the village and the summer camp and could bring in larger game animals from the hunt. Thus it comes as something of a surprise to find that the Nez Perces, rather than a Plains tribe, became the most successful stockmen, raising superior horses in large numbers. In about seventy-five years after securing their first animals, they had become seminomadic buffalo hunters with a heavy overlay of Plains culture. They ranged across the mountains to the east as far as central Montana five hundred miles away.

Yet through all these changes the tribe retained much of its basic fishing culture, and about half the tribe remained in the fishing villages. The Nez Perces did not split into two distinct bands. Each village furnished about half its people to each group, with the stay-at-home folk adopting the skin tipi, the parfleshes, ceremonial dances, and other items of Plains culture.

The seminomadic life forced significant changes in concepts of property ownership. Tipis belonged to individual families as the mat-covered, permanent houses were abandoned. Horses, hunting gear, and household articles were restricted to family use.

A new type of leadership was needed for a band in the buffalo country. The leadership of the village chief extended only to people from his own village, and only when they were in the village. With people from several villages united for the long trek east, they needed a leader with some authority to manage affairs on the march, on the hunt, and, most important, to rally them against attacks of their enemies. All of these changes developed rapidly, with no indication of undue strain within the tribe or the individual villages.

It is evident that the Nez Perces were an intelligent people, but some of their success as stockmen must be attributed to their excellent natural horse country with well-watered pastures for both summer and winter and mountain barriers to ward off possible enemy raiders. In this extremely favorable environment their initial stock soon increased beyond their needs, even beyond their wants. Then their surplus each year was traded to the Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes, Kutenai, Walla Wallas, and Yakimas, bringing them modest wealth, keeping their herds to a manageable size, and eliminating many poorer animals from the breeding stock.

Many of the poorer stallions were gelded, further benefiting the breeding stock. This is the most astonishing of all the Nez Perce accomplishments, for they are the only primitive people known who adopted such a prac-

PAINTING BY ALFRED JACOB MILLER COURTESY THE WALTERS ART GALLERY

The Shoshoni tribes of the Snake River Valley, pictured here and on page 13, were mounted as early as 1700.

tice without having close association with a civilized people who practiced selective breeding of stock. There is no doubt that the gelding technique came to the Nez Perce from the Spanish colonies, for they used the Spanish method of separating the cord from the testicle by scraping rather than by cutting as was done in the English colonies, yet the Nez Perce gelded many of their animals while their models, the Spaniards, gelded few.

It is not clear whether the Nez Perce gelded to secure animals more docile under pack, or if they wanted to keep the poorer stallions from breeding, or if their practice resulted from a combination of both factors. There is no evidence to indicate that these Indians ever tried to produce a superior strain of horses by mating a certain stallion with selected mares. Rather they allowed the stallions to breed indiscriminately on the open range, each one being limited only by the number of mares in his band.

Spanish gear came north with the horses, and was modified only as the limited skills and materials of the Indians forced such a change. Spanish bridles, bits, and saddles were common among the Lemhi Shoshoni by 1805, and a few such items were found among the Blackfeet in 1789. With no specific mention of divergence among other tribes of the Northwest, by inference they used the same kind of gear. Saddles for all these tribes were copied from the Spanish pack saddles, the riding saddles being beyond their limited skills and materials. A minor Indian adaptation was the pad saddle of soft leather, stuffed with buffalo hair. Another adaptation was the "war bridle," a rawhide thong with a small loop in one end to fit over the lower jaw of the horse, where the Spaniards would more probably use a hackamore. In all the horse-culture complex, the Spanish colonies furnished all the basic patterns, the Indian tribes adding only marginal features. This accounts in a large measure for the many similarities among the many tribes of mounted Indians by 1850.

All the available evidence indicates that horses for both the Plains tribes and those of the Pacific Northwest came from the Spanish colonies, not from any wild bands descended from strays from the DeSoto or Coro-

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By Karl Young

A Fight That Could Have Meant War

On the night of March 9, 1916, the sleeping border town of Columbus, New Mexico, was attacked in a slashing raid by Pancho Villa, the bandit general of Mexico. Several American soldiers and civilians were shot down and a few buildings put to flame before the attackers hastily retreated to the presumed safety of Mexican soil. The raid had been short and militarily not very significant but had amply served Villa's purposes. It was an act of sheer bravado, inspired by America's recent recognition of Villa's political enemy, Venustiano Carranza, current head of the Mexican Republic. Villa not only had sought to demonstrate his outrage at the diplomatic action of the United States and his contempt for Americans in general, but also he had hoped his invasion of Columbus would initiate a twentieth-century Mexican-American war in which he and his gang would be the only probable beneficiaries. In the end, his hope came very close to realization.

By 1916 relations between Mexico and the United States were already in a state of nervous strain. During previous years, President Woodrow Wilson had steadfastly antagonized the bulk of the Mexican population by attempting to guide the establishment of a constitutional government in Mexico acceptable to the United States. His policy of active interference had been most dramatically illustrated in April of 1914, when he ordered the U.S. Navy to seize Vera Cruz in an attempt to prevent German arms from reaching the forces of Victoriano Huerta, whose government the United States then refused to recognize. Unfortunately for Wilson's idealism, the Mexicans stoutly resisted the seizure of their town, and 126 of them were killed. Though the incident had been settled short of war, it typified the American attitude toward Mexican internal affairs and aroused a bitter mistrust of the United States.

On the other hand, the perpetual struggle for political ascendency in Mexico had often led to high-handed treatment of American life and property. In January of 1916, for an example, seventeen American civilians had been killed in a massacre probably inspired by Pancho Villa, if not actually directed by him, at Santa Ysabel in Chihuahua. The Columbus raid was an even more provocative incident, and the American public sent up an immediate cry for the capture of Villa and his men. While American diplomatic machinery responded to the Columbus incident with meticulous caution, the War Department did not wait upon diplomatic niceties. Without clear and explicit permission to enter Mexico, the department ordered General Funston, in command of all U.S. forces along the Mexican border, to see to the capture of Villa. Funston, in turn, dispatched two armed columns under the command of Brigadier General John J. ("Blackjack") Pershing into Mexico on March 15, 1916. President Carranza, who had proclaimed even the presence of troops on the northern frontier an outrage to the dignity of Mexico, soon responded to this unauthorized entry by the U.S. Army with demands that the troops be withdrawn at once.

Obeying the orders of his own superiors, Pershing sent his men in pursuit of the fleeing Villistas. An American base camp was established at Colonia Dublan, a Mormon settlement on the Northwestern Railway

in Chihuahua, about 125 miles south of the international boundary. From this point he sent squadrons of cavalrymen south and east, wherever the trail of Villa led. Despite Carranza's obstruction of Pershing's supplies by such measures as prolonged quibbling over the use of the railway, American soldiers pushed deep into Mexico. In late March, Colonel George F. Dodd led one troop over the continental divide to attack Villa at Guerrero. This attack was complemented by a thrust from the Tenth Cavalry, a Negro unit, and an encircling movement by two troops of the Seventh Cavalry under the command of Major Frank Tompkins. In this clash cavalrymen succeeded in capturing horses and arms, killing some of Villa's men, and wounding, but not capturing, Villa himself.

The farther American troops scattered over the Mexican landscape in search of Villa, the more intense became Mexican resentment. Villa was rapidly becoming a national hero, an almost legendary figure who had met and beaten the hated *Norteamericano* on his own ground. Often, Mexican civilians refused to sell supplies to American soldiers far from their base of operations at Colonia Dublan, reducing them to short rations. At San José del Sitio the cavalrymen under Major Robert L. Howze were not only refused food and supplies but were actually attacked by civilians in a night raid. Resentment was reflected as pointedly on an official level. Carranza, who by this time was ostensibly committed to helping the Americans locate Villa, was forced by the pressure of public sentiment to make at least a show of resistance to American troops in order to avoid committing political suicide, and this resistance took the form of a surly and reluctant kind of cooperation—a truculent attitude not lost on Mexican troops in the field.

On April 12 Carranzista soldiers joined with Mexican civilians to attack Major Frank Tompkins and a small force of American troops from the Thirteenth Cavalry at the town of Parral, deep in the state of Chihuahua. Militarily, the little clash was indecisive, but the diplomatic reverberations were considerable, straining relations between the United States and Mexico almost to the point of separation. By May 22 the tension had increased to such a degree that Carranza's Washington representative, Arredondo, handed to the State Department a note of such brusqueness of tone and disregard for diplomatic courtesy that it carried a scarcely veiled threat of war. President Wilson withheld an immediate reply. The situation deteriorated further when on June 18 General Jacinto B. Treviño sent General Pershing a letter announcing that the only direction in which American troops in Mexico would be permitted to move would be north, toward the border. Pershing replied by rejecting the limitations set upon him and immediately sent out patrols to scout Carranzista troop movements. On June 20 the United States replied to the Arredondo note of May 22 in a similarly brisk tone, criticizing Carranza for his unwillingness to cooperate and bluntly charging him with open hostility. The message ended by suggesting that Mexican resort to arms would bring about dire consequences.

It was under these conditions that a skirmish at Carrizal on June 21 took on the significance of a major incident. More than an isolated clash of minor forces, the fight at Carrizal typified the ambiguities present in the entire picture of Mexican-American relations. It is a story which has been often told, but never more evocatively than through the memory of Lemuel H. Spilsbury, the Mormon scout, who, more than any other man who came out of the fight alive, was involved in the crucial clash of temperaments and nationalities which immediately preceded the shooting.

II

Lemuel H. Spilsbury was one of eight Mormon scouts from Colonia Dublan whom Pershing had employed to guide his troops on their stabs into the Chihuahua desert. Well acquainted with the land and fluent in Spanish, Spilsbury held a healthy respect for Mexicans both as soldiers and as men. Two days after Pershing's receipt of the Treviño letter forbidding movement east, west, or south, the scout was called to the general's headquarters and told that he was to guide Captain Charles T. Boyd and Troop C of the Tenth Cavalry on a ride across the desert to Villa Ahumada, over a hundred miles distant—and to the east.

The expedition rode out immediately, and Spilsbury inquired of Boyd what their mission was to be.

"We're going out there with a chip on our shoulder," Boyd answered. "If they knock it off, Pershing is going to move, and Funston is going to move too."

If Spilsbury's memory does not betray him—and this is hardly the kind of answer a man would forget—Captain Boyd's interpretation of Pershing's verbal orders (which the general later recorded in a written memorandum to the inspector general) would seem at first to have been extremely loose. Among other things, Pershing related that his orders to Boyd stipulated that the mission was to be

> . . . a reconnaissance only, and you will not be expected to fight. In fact, I want you to avoid a fight if possible. Do not allow yourself to be surprised by superior numbers. But if wantonly attacked, use your own judgment as to what you shall do, having due regard for the safety of your command . . . it would not be wise to go into any place garrisoned by Carranzista troops.

Even the written version of the orders (written, it should be noted, some time after the mission was concluded) was obviously designed to give Boyd considerable leeway for interpretation. A less discretionary order would doubtless have read something to the effect: "Avoid any engagement with Carranzista troops and if attacked yourself, retire." If the written orders appear discretionary, it is not unlikely that the original verbal orders were somewhat more blunt and aggressive, given the prevalent attitude of the American military forces in Mexico. Whether they were aggressive or not, Boyd clearly interpreted his orders in such a light, and he held to that interpretation rigidly throughout the course of the mission. Pershing probably knew he would, for the general had been long and personally familiar with

J EASTMAN HATCH

After the Columbus raid, Pershing sent his men in pursuit of Pancho Villa These scenes show American soldiers in the field during the Mexican campaign.

Boyd's characteristics as a man and officer.

Spilsbury was less familiar with the man, but was not long in forming an opinion. Shortly after their departure, Boyd disciplined one of his men by ordering him to dismount and lead his horse for a long stretch of time—trying punishment under the hot Mexican sun, and in Spilsbury's eyes indicating that Boyd was unnecessarily hard on his men, a stickler for form.

Boyd had been less successful in enforcing discipline on Spilsbury himself only twenty minutes after they left Colonia Dublan. According to traditional cavalry practices, the troop had started off at a walk, at which pace they continued for ten minutes. Then they trotted for ten minutes. Then, in line with standard routine, Boyd ordered the men to dismount and lead the horses for ten minutes. Spilsbury, who was a cowboy and unaccustomed to such chivalrous treatment of horses, refused to dismount.

"I didn't come out here to walk," he said.

"You're riding a government horse, aren't you?" Boyd countered.

"Yes, but if he's too good to pack me, I'll turn him loose and go back and get one of my own."

Boyd, unaccustomed to rebellious civilians, finally let Spilsbury have his own way, and the scout continued to ride while the Negro troops walked. Boyd was obviously not eager for an incident which might have jeopardized the mission, and probably the only way he could have forced the stubborn scout to adhere to military form would have been to drag him off the horse—at which point the expedition would likely have lost a guide.

Troop C arrived at the Santo Domingo Ranch eight or ten miles out of Carrizal at approximately five o'clock in the afternoon of June 20. About an hour later Captain Lewis Morey's Troop K rode up. Morey, who had been stationed farther east and north, had also been ordered to come down for the probe of Villa Ahumada. Just before dark a group of Mexicans drifted into the ranch, and undoubtedly returned to the pueblo of Carrizal to report to their superiors the presence of American troops at Santo Domingo.

Later that evening, Captain Boyd, Lieutenant Henry Adair, Captain Morey, and Spilsbury went down to the house to talk to an American in charge of the ranch. The American informed them that there were squadrons of men in Carrizal and that they had at least one machine gun. He estimated the number of soldiers at more than four hundred. Captain Boyd wanted to know if it were likely that the Mexicans would attack if he took the cavalry through the town. His answer came from Lieutenant Adair, who had gone south with Major Howze and been in sharp clashes with Mexican troops at San José del Sitio and Cusihuiriachic. Adair had a low opinion of Mexican courage, an opinion formed at Cusihuiriachic, where Major Howze had surprised and easily routed a band of exhausted Villistas. Mexicans, Adair said, would not fight a determined troop of soldiers. All that would be necessary, he explained, would be to charge, at which time the Mexicans would turn and run.

"Well, you're just mistaken about that," Spilsbury interjected. "I know Mexicans that are just as brave as any Americans I have ever heard about, and they are not afraid to die."

Though Boyd kept his opinion to himself, his subsequent actions indicated that he preferred to believe Lieutenant Adair rather than his own scout.

III

The next morning, Boyd took command of the two troops and rousted them out at 4:00 A.M. It was still early morning when they reached some salt-grass flats between two ditches below the town of Carrizal, which was situated on a small rise in the plain. A large herd of horses was grazing on these grass flats, but as soon as the guards saw the troops coming, they rode out and gathered up the animals.

Captain Boyd halted his command at the first ditch and sent a message with Spilsbury, to whom he gave these orders: "You lope up there and tell the officer we want to go through the town. And if he asks you what you want to go through for, you tell him that we want to see about a Negro deserter who is reported to be over there."

As Spilsbury rode across the flat and into the village, the first man he encountered was an officer, Major Genevo Rivas. From this officer's attitude of authority, Spilsbury assumed that he was in command, for he demanded in a very hostile manner to know what the American soldiers wanted at Carrizal. When Spilsbury told him, Rivas' response had practically no relevance: "There are no Villistas in this part of the country, and if there are any enemies of yours over here, we're them!"

To Spilsbury, this reply could only mean that the Mexican officer had decided beforehand what he was going to say to the American intruders. Moreover, his

assertion made it plain that in his opinion American soldiers had no business being where they were.

"Señor," Spilsbury replied, "the captain is back here. Let's go and talk to him."

The Mexican officer advanced with Spilsbury into the grass flat, and Boyd, seeing that they wanted a conference, rode forward with an orderly. The men met in the middle of the field where Boyd repeated his reasons for wanting to pass through the town. Rivas, however, said that, if they tried to advance, the Mexican troops would have to stop them.

"But," he added, "I am not in command at this post. I will go back to my commander, General Felix U. Gomez, who can respond to this situation the way he wants to."

The Americans waited while Rivas retired and sent a messenger back into the pueblo for General Gomez, who soon came out of the village and across the field to talk with them. He very courteously explained that he could not permit them to advance.

"I have orders to stop any movement of American troops through this town and am therefore duty bound to oppose you. Whether you were one or a thousand, we should try to stop you. However, if you would like to wait here, I will go back to Villa Ahumada and wire General Treviño, our commanding general. If he gives you permission to come through, you will be welcome to do so. But if he does not, we shall have to stop you."

When Spilsbury finished translating what General Gomez had said, Boyd turned to his scout. "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

"Since you have told me what our mission is out here," Spilsbury answered, "I think you could go back with the information General Pershing wants if you just turned around here and told your men: 'Now, we're going to retreat in good order. We will just go over that little hill there and then back to Santo Domingo and hold them off. We can get in that adobe corral and put up a good fight. We're 125 miles from camp ahorseback, while they are right on the railroad, and we haven't got a chance against them in the long run.' "

Boyd looked at Spilsbury and said, "Well, I'm not going to show them my backside."

"You don't have to," explained Spilsbury. "We can get on our horses and try to go around them. If they open up on us and fire on us, that is what we wanted to know, isn't it? They might kill some of us, but a lot of us will get away."

MRS. DELLA TUCKER

Lemuel H. Spilsbury, a Mormon scout chosen by Pershing to guide Captain Boyd to Villa Ahumada, survived the clash between American and Mexican troops at Carrizal. Shown here with his sister in a photo taken about 1916

"No," Boyd replied with sudden decisiveness, "I'm going through the town. You tell the - - - - that we are going through."

Spilsbury was watching General Gomez as Boyd spoke these words and surmised that the general knew English well enough to understand perfectly what had been said. With dignity Gomez said, "You might pass through the town, but you'll have to walk over my dead body." He turned and walked back toward his men while Boyd and Spilsbury returned to their own forces.

As they rode back, Spilsbury wondered if Captain Boyd had indeed accepted Lieutenant Adair's shallow estimate of Mexican courage or if he was simply thinking of promotion. Spilsbury had heard that the captain had made a good record in the Philippines, from which he had recently returned, and he surmised that ambition might be playing a part in the present decision. He could only speculate, however, and before an hour was out, not even Boyd himself would be able to tell him the truth.

Once they had returned to the ditch, Boyd immediately ordered his men to mount up. They moved out into the field and dismounted, Boyd sending the horses and about twenty men back to cover. That left approxi-

mately sixty men for the attack. He sent Morey out to the right and Adair to the left. Then he gave the order to advance, and the men moved up the grass flats toward the town above them. When the Mexicans opened fire, the Americans dropped to their bellies, returned the fire, reloaded, and rushed forward again. General Gomez had scarcely had time to get back to his own men before they opened up on the advancing Americans, and he was killed in the first volley of return fire. Spilsbury saw him leaning against a wire fence as though alive, and did not learn until later that he was dead.

The Americans advanced a second time, fired, and reloaded. The Mexicans did not run. On the third advance, Boyd, Spilsbury, and their contingent moved directly toward an emplacement from which a machine gun scattered bullets over them and at the soldiers and horses at the far end of the field. Terrified, the horses soon broke away from the soldiers trying to hold them, and Spilsbury caught a glimpse of them as they fled out of sight. Retreat was now out of the question. He turned back to the action ahead just in time to see Boyd himself hit, spun around by the force of the bullets, his hat suddenly gone, blood streaming down both arms. The captain stood alone for a moment, then collapsed to the ground, dead.

Spilsbury and seventeen Negro troopers finished out the short battle on their bellies, firing at anything in front of them that moved. They did not realize that forty or fifty Mexicans had deployed to their rear until they heard shouts for their surrender. Spilsbury and the others looked back and saw that it was a matter of giving up or dying on the spot. They surrendered.

Major Rivas strode directly to Spilsbury. "Line up these dogs!" he shouted. "We're going to execute every one of them!"

"Señor," said Spilsbury, "if you execute these men, who are your prisoners and who have surrendered to you as prisoners of war, when the United States finds it out—and they will—they'll never take any prisoners either. They'll kill every one that they get. You better think about it twice."

"Will you tell the truth if I send you to Villa Ahumada?"

"Yes, I will."

"Who opened fire first?"

"You did."

"You're a liar."

"Well, you can call me a liar, but I'll say that again."

Apparently sobered by Spilsbury's argument, Rivas finally marched his captives over the fourteen miles of desert to Villa Ahumada, where the townspeople threw rocks at them and cursed them as they passed through the streets. A Mexican officer came out from the cuartel and walked with his soldiers in front of the prisoners, whipping the citizens away from the Americans with the flat of his sword. From Villa Ahumada they were shipped to the city of Chihuahua and held in prison for a week, when, after sharp demands from the U.S. State Department, they were taken back across the boundary line American women on the border, in a naive little gesture of appreciation, gave each soldier a small bouquet of flowers as the troop arrived.

IV

There can be little doubt that Boyd was the architect of his own disaster. The decision to pass directly through the town of Carrizal in spite of the known presence of a great many Mexican soldiers and the pointed advice of his scout was Boyd's own. But the question of why he made such a decision remains. Any explanation probably lies in the nature of the man himself, as revealed by Spilsbury's narrative and the facts on record.

First, he was a courageous man, as illustrated by his death at Carrizal and his previous service in the Philippines. But acts of bravery can be motivated by a number of things, sometimes even by fear itself, and it is not impossible that ambition was a force in Boyd's particular courage. The opportunities a peacetime soldier had for distinguishing himself in the field were limited. Carrizal might have loomed in Boyd's mind as an opportunity he could not afford to miss. His verbal orders had been just flexible enough to allow for the possibility of exploiting it, and it is conceivable that he viewed the situation in exactly that light.

A more generous explanation might lie in the inflexibility with which Boyd regarded his duty. His orders may have been flexible, but not as he interpreted them. It can, perhaps, be assumed that, while Boyd possessed the courage required to charge a machine-gun emplacement, he lacked the pliancy to change events once they had been set in motion. He had determined, one way or another, that his mission to Villa Ahumada was nothing less than a patrol designed deliberately to inspire open hostility by the Mexicans. Having made that determination, he was not going to revise it even in the face of the cold facts fronting him at Carrizal on the

J. EASTMAN HATCH

Negro troops of the Tenth Cavalry who fought at Carrizal, were captured, and released by Mexicans June 28, 1916. As they were taken back across the border, American women gave each soldier a small bouquet of flowers in appreciation. Lem Spilsbury, center, with hat on.

morning of June 21. Carrizal was his first obstacle on the way to Villa Ahumada. He had to call what he assumed was a Mexican bluff, and, therefore, he decided to go straight through the town. His apparent acceptance of Lieutenant Adair's estimate of Mexican courage in spite of Spilsbury's more logical one simply made the problem that much easier: the Mexicans might temporarily resist the attack on Carrizal, but they would quickly run in the face of a determined advance. From the time they had left Colonia Dublan until the final confrontation at Carrizal, then, Boyd's every thought and action had proceeded in a straight and inflexible line. He was a good soldier, a brave and possibly ambitious officer; he was given to hard discipline and a contempt for Mexican courage; but at the same time he was possessed of a single-minded devotion to duty, which in the end would kill him.

Had Major Rivas carried out his threat to execute Spilsbury and the captured American soldiers, it is questionable whether the public sympathy for peace in the United States could have outweighed the cry for war. So far had relations between the two countries deteriorated, in fact, that it is entirely possible that war might have resulted even if Carranza had only refused to release the prisoners. For all his bluster and outrage, however, Carranza was no more anxious for war than President Wilson and very wisely had decided to ally himself and his country with the better part of valor—discretion.

In July of 1916, a Joint High Commission was established to consider the problem of U.S. troops in Mexico, but the commission disbanded in January of the following year without coming to an agreement satisfactory to either side. By then, however, the possibility that the United States might have to enter the current European conflict forced Wilson to recall Pershing in readiness for another kind of invasion. "Blackjack" and his men marched back across the border before the spring of 1917, leaving behind them a well of bitterness and distrust—and the body of Captain Charles T. Boyd.

Lemuel H. Spilsbury has lived through more adventures than most people ever read about. At the age of sixteen he was driving sixteen-mule-team ore wagons over some of the roughest terrain in the Tarahumare Mountains of Chihuahua. He stayed on in Chihuahua after most of his people left Mexico during the turbulent years of the revolution 1910–20. He punched cows, drove stage through bandit-infested country, scouted for Pershing's Punitive Expedition through the northern Mexico desert, and still drives his pickup over primitive roads to look after his orchards along the Piedras Verdes River. He has survived many a showdown with tough hombres.

This article is based chiefly on three long interviews, two of which were taped with L. H. Spilsbury in Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, and in Douglas, Arizona, in 1962–64. Background materials are dependent chiefly on U.S. government documents, *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, 1915–1916*. C. C. Clendenin, *The United States and Pancho Villa*, published for the American Historical Association (Cornell University Press, 1961), is a well-balanced, carefully documented work. It gives an enlightening account of the battle and focuses it well against the background of events which led up to the shooting. I am obliged to Clendenin's book for several references, especially

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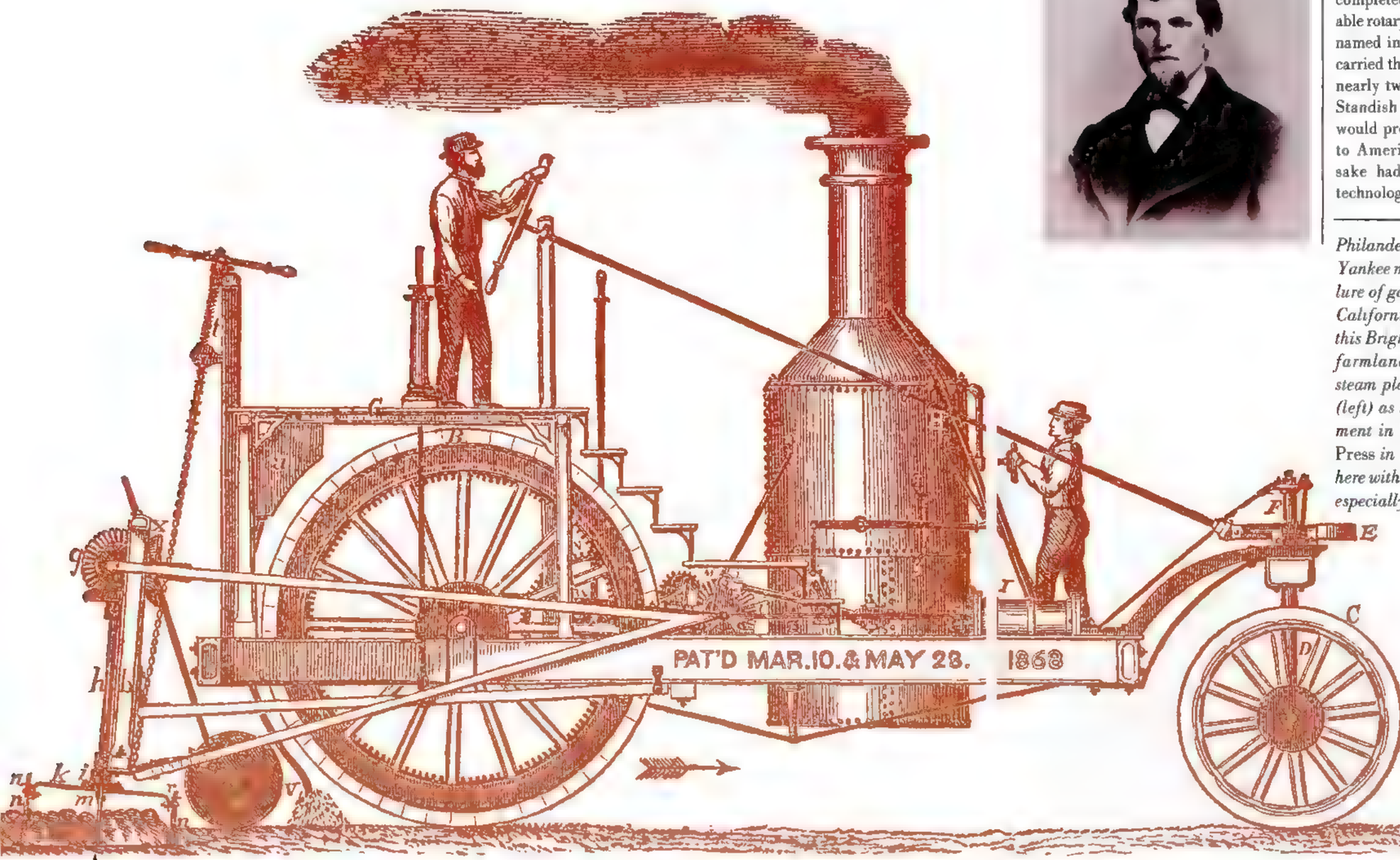
The Celebrated Steam Plow of Philander H. Standish



At the rear of the vehicle, the blades can be seen "throwing up and exposing the earth to the aerating and fructifying influences of the atmosphere."

by F. Hal Higgins

The age of the machine came early to California's farms. Horse- and mule-powered gang plows, gang harrows, seeders, rakers, harvesters, and combines, and steam-engined threshers were in common use in the early 1850's, for California agriculture was showing signs of an astonishing future. The hard, durable wheat of the California valleys, which could be shipped around the Horn with little fear of spoilage, was in rising demand all over the world, and by the end of 1867 more than two hundred fifty thousand tons of wheat were being exported from the state annually.

In that year a Yankee mechanic by the name of Philander H. Standish completed construction of his remarkable rotary steam plow, the "Mayflower," named in honor of the ship which had carried the original Standish to America nearly two hundred fifty years before. Standish firmly believed his device would prove to be nearly as important to American agriculture as its namesake had been to history, but time, technology, and a host of financial difficulties would conspire to prevent it from being anything more significant than one of the most curious vehicles ever to scuttle across the California landscape.

Philander H. Standish (upper left), a Yankee mechanic led westward by the lure of gold in 1851. He remained in California long enough to cultivate this Brigham Young beard and startle farmland residents with his rotary steam plow in 1868. The Mayflower (left) as it appeared in an advertisement in The Mining and Scientific Press *in 1869. The plow is equipped here with an upright boiler and engine especially designed for it by Standish.*

Standish had come to California with his father and brother via the Isthmus of Panama in 1851. They settled in the little farming town of Pacheco, just east of San Francisco, and maintained the family traditions of practical engineering and inventing by founding the Standish & Dalton Foundry. It was here that Philander began work on his steam plow. He had surveyed the booming wheat industry in progress all around him and determined that the development of a self-powered plow able to prepare large acreages for planting on a rapid, cheap, and practical scale would revolutionize farming in the state. His optimism was shared by one Oliver C. Coffin, a well-to-do resident of Martinez, and owner of a flour mill and a Martinez-to-Benicia ferryboat. Coffin provided most of the financial backing Standish needed.

The concept of steam-powered farm machinery was not a new one, but the problems were enormous. "Take that steam locomotive off the rails it runs on and set it in a field and it can't pull anything," was a statement accepted by most engineers of Standish's day. English manufacturer's (such as the firm of Aveling & Porter) had come closest to a solution through the use of the "cable system," by which balance plows were dragged back and forth across a field by cables attached to stationary steam engines. This method,

while widely used in England, was both costly and time consuming, requiring a crew of at least four men to a plow and limiting the work accomplished to less than twenty acres a day, an amount which any good gang plow could nearly equal.

Standish was certain he knew a better way, and he persevered, finally completing the Mayflower late in 1867. He described it in detail some years later:

> It weighed about eight tons, was twenty-four feet long and twelve feet wide. . . . The two hind drive wheels were thirty-two inches wide and eight feet [in] diam. all wood but the axle and the large internal gear. . . . The front wheel was eighteen inches wide and four feet in diameter, made of wood.

The motive power for this first model was supplied by an old boiler and engine from a threshing machine. By far the most startling innovation on the Mayflower was the plowing mechanism itself at the end of four upright shafts at the rear of the vehicle.

> The wheel at the lower end of the upright shafts was three feet in diameter, having six arms; at the end of each arm was clamped an upright coulter or knife pointed with a lip at the heel or back part . . . somewhat like the mould board of the common plow, but very small. This lip threw up the subsoil as the coulter revolved rapidly . . . from five to eight hundred feet per minute. . . . There were four three-foot circles, six knives to each circle, twenty-four knives in all. The swath of furrow was twelve feet wide. . . .

The mechanism could plow from a depth of two inches to as much as six, and attached to it was a device which would allow seeding at the same time the ground was plowed.

After several private tests, the Mayflower was ready for public viewing in January of 1868. The test, as reported by the correspondent for *The Mining and Scientific Press* of San Francisco, was a success:

> In company with quite a number of others from this city, we took the Suisun boat for Martinez. . . . On the arrival of the boat we found the main street of the village crowded with a great number of persons, who had come together from the town and neighboring country, to witness the trial. The plow, or rather its locomotive carriage, with the stars and stripes floating above it, was then working its way slowly through the mudholes in the street to the Common . . . where it was soon set to work. . . . The admiration of everyone was excited to see the rapid whirling and cutting of the knives . . . cutting, tearing, stirring up and turning over the compact and cohesive adobe soil; penetrating below the grass roots and throwing up and exposing the earth to the aerating and fructifying influences of the atmosphere. We watched with astonishment. . . . Surely the bosom of old mother earth was never before tickled in such a vigorous manner.

After exhibiting the Mayflower at the 1868 Mechanics' Institute Fair in San Francisco, and the California State Fair—at both of which it won substantial prizes—Standish contracted to plow the Kilichor farm near Mt. Diablo—eight hundred acres of tough adobe soil. On this, the Mayflower's first real job,

All illustrations courtesy of the F. Hal Higgins Library of Agricultural Technology at the University of California, Davis.

Standish encountered a string of difficulties which he recorded in his pocket memo books:

Saturday, November 21, 1868 — started Steam plow at Mr. Kiliehor's farm, boiler foamed badly. . . . Found the oil and tallow very bad in the boiler. Worked it out with kerosene. . . .

Tuesday, November 24, 1868 — started plow again about 8 o'clock. Plowed 4 acres in forenoon, quit at 11 o'clock. Found that one tank of water would plow about 2 acres. Tank holds 32 cu. ft. Had bad coal. Afternoon got some wood and better coal. Started into a hard piece of ground near the road and while turning threw both wheels in clutch, which broke 4 cogs out of large gear. . . . Righted up again and ran a cut through 200 rods. Broke a knife square off and bent one arm. Found that machine labored very hard. Plowed 6 acres and ran machine down to house. . . . A Pickering governor needed. Tubes leaky. . . .

Wednesday, December 2, 1868—Finished repairing steam plow. Broke the yoke on engine shaft Tuesday morning. Plowed 11 acres Monday; same last Saturday . . . plowed 10 acres today. Tubes leak so badly had to quit and blow off. Hard work to make steam. If we had good steam, from 80 to 100, could plow at the rate of 180 feet per minute, or 3 acres per hour . . . could average 18 or 20 acres in 8 hours.

Despite the breakdowns and delays, the Mayflower had more than justified itself on the Kiliehor farm, according to the still enthusiastic *Mining and Scientific Press:*

The cost per acre, from actual experience, was less than a dollar; the expense for fuel, and for attendance (including water hauling), being about the same. . . . As an experiment, alternate widths of fifty feet were plowed with the steam and the ordinary plow . . . and it was observed that owing to the very complete pulverization effected with the former, the soil looked moister . . . the consequence being that the steam plow's crops grow faster. The owner of the land, Mr. Kiliehor, paid $3 an acre (the ordinary gang-plow price being $2.50), and was so pleased with the work that propositions were made for the purpose of retaining the plow permanently on the place.

Standish elected to keep the Mayflower for further improvements. By substituting an upright boiler and engine especially designed for the plow, he solved some of the motive problems which had plagued him on the Kiliehor farm. The problem of knife-breakage was lessened by the use of soft iron for the blades, which would bend before breaking, and by the utilization of a gear designed to disengage the engine whenever the knives encountered an immovable object. With these improvements completed, the Mayflower demonstrated its newly acquired abilities to such effect in Petaluma, north of San Francisco, that it was hired out to plow at a contracted price of $5.00 per acre. Standish was delighted and recorded: "Steam plow working well, doing splendid work."

But the project could not really begin to pay until machines could be constructed for sale at a reasonable price. Standish estimated the cost of a plow

continued on page 91

The Mayflower's first public showing (left) in Martinez on January 6, 1868. Looking big enough to plow the Russian steppes, this lumbering hulk of a machine was somewhat less streamlined than it appears in the illustrations used to advertise it in The Mining and Scientific Press. *It weighed eight tons and cost some $7000. While it was rented out to plow land in both Contra Costa County and Petaluma, it remained the only plow Standish would ever build in California.*

The California No. 2, built in Boston and successfully demonstrated on the staid Common in 1870, was a refined version of Standish's original Mayflower. The inventor himself stands admiring the remarkable plowing apparatus, but in spite of this and other improvements, the California No. 2 would eventually suffer the same obscurity as its predecessor.

The Fur Trade and Its Historians

In view of its many ramifications, the comparative low esteem in which fur-trade history has been held as an intellectual pursuit is rather surprising

BY DALE L. MORGAN

■ Few would ever have heard of Frederick Jackson Turner, probably, had he stayed with his early preoccupation with the fur trade (or "Indian trade") of the Wisconsin area. Turner enunciated in 1893 a hypothesis about the importance of the frontier in American history, and his elaboration of that hypothesis by degrees made him famous, though the hypothesis has had its ups and downs in scholarly opinion. Some years later, a Texan maverick, Walter Prescott Webb, was acclaimed a powerful and original thinker for outlining a novel way of looking at the Great Plains, still later for writing up a vision of American history as a four-hundred-year boom on which time has run out. Turner's disciples are still trying to nail down his frontier hypothesis with specifics; and Webb's more grandiose conception, it seems likely, we shall be unable to test very effectively until we have waited a few hundred years to gain a useful perspective. The harder it is to pin something down, the more compelling the idea; it would seem that thinking must achieve a certain level of abstraction to command general admiration.

Very few, I suspect, would place Hiram Martin Chittenden in the same class with Turner and Webb, either as innovator or as investigator. Yet anyone disposed to inquire into the historiography of the past sixty years will find that Chittenden's *The American Fur Trade of the Far West* has influenced nearly everything written about the history of the West in the first half of the nineteenth century—that it has, indeed, been more largely influential than the only general work Turner himself ever published (his *Rise of the New West, 1819–1829*, which leaned on Chittenden's history and described it as "excellent"). From the year of its publication, 1902, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West* has not only been referred to constantly by writers of every description, but has also powerfully shaped their ideas. As recently as 1947 Bernard DeVoto observed that Chittenden's study "remains the most valuable single book about the trade and the only general history of it," though as DeVoto further remarked, "a staggering amount of new material has come to light and a great deal of scholarly work has been done." (Since DeVoto made this comment, Paul C. Phillips' *The Fur Trade* has appeared posthumously. It has a wider field of view than Chittenden's and is more continuously factful, but it is a basically less thoughtful work.) The idea may affront the professional historians, but it can be seriously maintained that neither Turner nor Webb has had an impact on the writing of western history comparable to Chittenden's.

ENGRAVING, FROM *H. M. Chittenden & History*, Pac. TACOMA WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The American Fur Trade of the Far West is not a narrative history but a rather episodic commentary on various aspects of the trade and on enterprises, personalities and related historical developments. Although he reviewed at considerable length John Jacob Astor's ill-starred attempt to establish the American fur trade on the Columbia between 1811 and 1814, in the process giving H. H. Bancroft a brisk going-over for outrageous treatment of Washington Irving, Chittenden conceived the western fur trade primarily in terms of an economic activity based on St. Louis, which became important after the return of Lewis and Clark and fell into desuetude when the tide of western emigration set in after 1840. "The true period of the trans-Mississippi fur trade," Chittenden argued, not altogether correctly, embraced the thirty-seven years from 1807 to 1843.

The point I more particularly wish to make is that Chittenden settled the ideas of two generations of historians who, directly or indirectly, have had to come to terms with the fur trade. His was a liberating influence originally, for he provided a rationale by which a diffuse and refractory history was made intelligible. Over the course of time, however, Chittenden has evolved into something of a tyrannical force, for he is still conditioning the thinking of students who should be pushing the frontiers of knowledge a good deal farther out. Pioneering is never easy, but it is time those interested in the fur trade should be stepping out on their own.

Before I elaborate some ideas, let me touch upon certain difficulties, illustrated by Chittenden but not unique to the historian of the fur trade. Reading Chittenden is a necessary part of any student's apprenticeship, but one who reads him is going to find himself brainwashed to some extent. An author like Chittenden by his very usefulness has a crystallizing influence on one's thinking, on the actual formulation of concepts, to the point that one's capability for original thinking may be squeezed down and blunted: it is possible to find oneself walled off from reality.

Let me cite an example out of my own experience. In the course of writing my biography of Jedediah Smith some years ago, I arrived at the chapter dealing with the historic rendezvous of 1826, when William H. Ashley, whose energies had powered the advance of the American fur trade from the Missouri River to the Rockies during the three preceding years, sold out to a newly organized firm, Smith, Jackson & Sublette, and went back to the States with an agreement to furnish his successors with goods. I knew, as everyone had known since Chittenden's

day, that in 1826 Ashley withdrew from the fur trade to devote his time to other affairs, and that he never laid eyes on the Rockies again. Thanks to the Missouri Historical Society's incomparable fur-trade collections, I had copies of all the surviving documents that bore upon the negotiations at rendezvous and the subsequent developments. I wrote a draft of this particular chapter. And when I got through, it was all wrong; my text did not say what the documents imported. I wrote the chapter over, and the second version turned out no better than the first. At length it dawned on me what the trouble was: I "knew" what had happened, and I was writing my text to conform with what I knew – in defiance of the record at hand. I tossed out everything I thought I knew and wrote a third version. And since this rested upon the documents themselves, which told a plain, entirely logical story when allowed to do so, that third version did the job and was eventually published. My frame of reference had not been large enough to accommodate the data I had brought together, and I was slow to adjust.

What makes the incident worth relating is that I have a great deal of company in this mental incapacity. I do not know how many times in contemporary historiography I have run across formal conclusions contradicted straight down the line by the "facts" marshaled in their support. Bernard DeVoto had the same disrupting experience, for in *The Year of Decision: 1846* he said of Justin Smith's *The War with Mexico*:

> The research behind Professor Smith's book is certainly one of the most exhaustive ever made by an American historian, and if it came to an issue of fact I should perforce have to disregard my own findings and accept his. But it is frequently – very frequently – altogether impossible to understand how Smith's conclusions could exist in the presence of facts which he himself presents. If there is a more consistently wrong-headed book in our history, or one which so freely cites facts in support of judgments which those facts controvert, I have not encountered it.

I seem to be arriving at the awkward position of denying the utility of written history, asking that the student forget what others tell him, return constantly to the sources, and form his own ideas from those sources. But I have already indicated how difficult it is to approach history *de novo*, without regard to what has been found out, or thought, or believed before. The possibility of being led down the garden path is one of the hazards of getting an education; but if nobody pays any attention to what has been written already, we may be confronted with the spectacle of a hundred different students writing Chittenden all over again rather than pressing out toward the new frontiers I have envisioned.

The pioneering spirit is, of course, as rare in fur-trade history as anywhere else, and let us not make the mistake of blaming Chittenden for our own lacks. Why this history has not been written on as high a level as might be wished is worth meditation.

To begin with, many historians are in too much of a hurry for a payoff; they will not take the time to qualify themselves to the point that they know what they are talking about; they do not stop to *think*. Inside the academic community, this scrambling haste (often expressing itself in a mere piling up of "facts") is known as the "publish-or-perish" syndrome, though critical standards would have to advance only very slightly for the syndrome to be rephrased as "publish-*and*-perish," the scholar's ritual cooking of his own goose. If publication becomes a public exposé of incompetence, we need only establish some proper accounting system to effect a great improvement, for example, reducing a professor's salary $1000 per year for every piece of balderdash he publishes. When there are real risks to academic publication, we may expect the *quality* to improve.

In and out of the academic community, haste in publishing may be dictated by financial considerations; it can cost too much in dollars and cents to acquire the necessary education, an education no one is ever going to come by simply or easily; and the cost is going to keep on rising as more and more material emerges into view. Fur-trade history has always been extremely complex, and I see no prospect that it will ever be otherwise.

Money is a factor, but so is simple human laziness. Men there are aplenty who parrot information because it is easier than embarking upon independent inquiry; these are the men who most appreciate stereotypes and abandon them with anguished outcries. A characteristic, if not distinguishing, feature of this class of historians is their unwillingness to stand up and declare themselves before the bar of judgment. They will remark that one authority says this, while another says that; and for them, there is the end of the line: we shall have no digging into the basis of this divergence of judgment, no assessment of the facts.

Also – let us face it – the fur-trade field has its full share of characters who not only are unable to write but who give evidence of being unable even to read. Once

ENGRAVING FROM H. M. Chittenden, A Western Epic (TACOMA, WASHINGTON STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1961)

HIRAM MARTIN CHITTENDEN

upon a time, back in my college days, in a dog-eared unabridged dictionary of uncertain antecedents, I stumbled upon a lovely word, "disnoetic," defined as "incapable of knowing what one sees." I employed the term to devil a fellow columnist on the student newspaper, whose specialty was pontificating on the passing scene. I have not had occasion to use the word since, but after thirty years, the season has come round: surely some will agree with me that the fur trade as a field of scholarly inquiry has its quota of "disnoetic" practitioners.

Actually, simple incapacity may be easier to abide than the popularizers who clutter up the literature. These popularizers, as often as not, are frustrated novelists. At worst they are akin to the writers and producers of television scripts who are insufficiently gifted to create fictional worlds and use reality as a crutch, not scrupling to distort reality, with artistic license their justification. (The amorality that seizes upon Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, or whomever and does violence to truth may yet come to be recognized for what it is.) At best, fur-trade popularizers may rise to the level of a Stanley Vestal, who was willing to work at writing but not at research. A scholar acquainted with him has recently summed up Vestal, not unkindly, by saying, "He was convinced that the day-to-day stuff of which history is composed would bore his readers, whereas unique, startling characters and incidents would sell well." Except as entertainments, and a source of income, the majority of Vestal's fur-trade books should never have been written; they added nothing to knowledge, and by merely existing, by preempting the field, may have inhibited scholars and publishers alike from going ahead with books that needed doing.

I am complaining about popularizers, not synthesists. Of the latter we are never going to have enough, and we lost a great one when Bernard DeVoto succumbed to a massive heart attack in 1957. The mark of the synthesist is that he is indeed interested in facts, deals honestly and intelligently with them, clothes them with excitement, and has a gift for isolating the details that bring history to life. We would all be the gainers if more of our historians, so often preoccupied merely with the grinding out of "facts," could find within themselves the resources to illuminate these facts for our understanding.

As an illustration of what is possible, consider a passage in DeVoto's *The Course of Empire*, a description of the Chippewas at the time the younger Alexander Henry was trading with them in the Red River country about 1800. These Chippewas, DeVoto tells us, "were at their farthest west here, and uneasy outside the forest, which ended a little farther east. As a result, they were in practically continuous terror of the Sioux." So far, the factual observation; the average historian would now have broken off in the conviction that he had done his job. DeVoto, however, went on to elaborate the scene and the situation, with exquisite attention to detail:

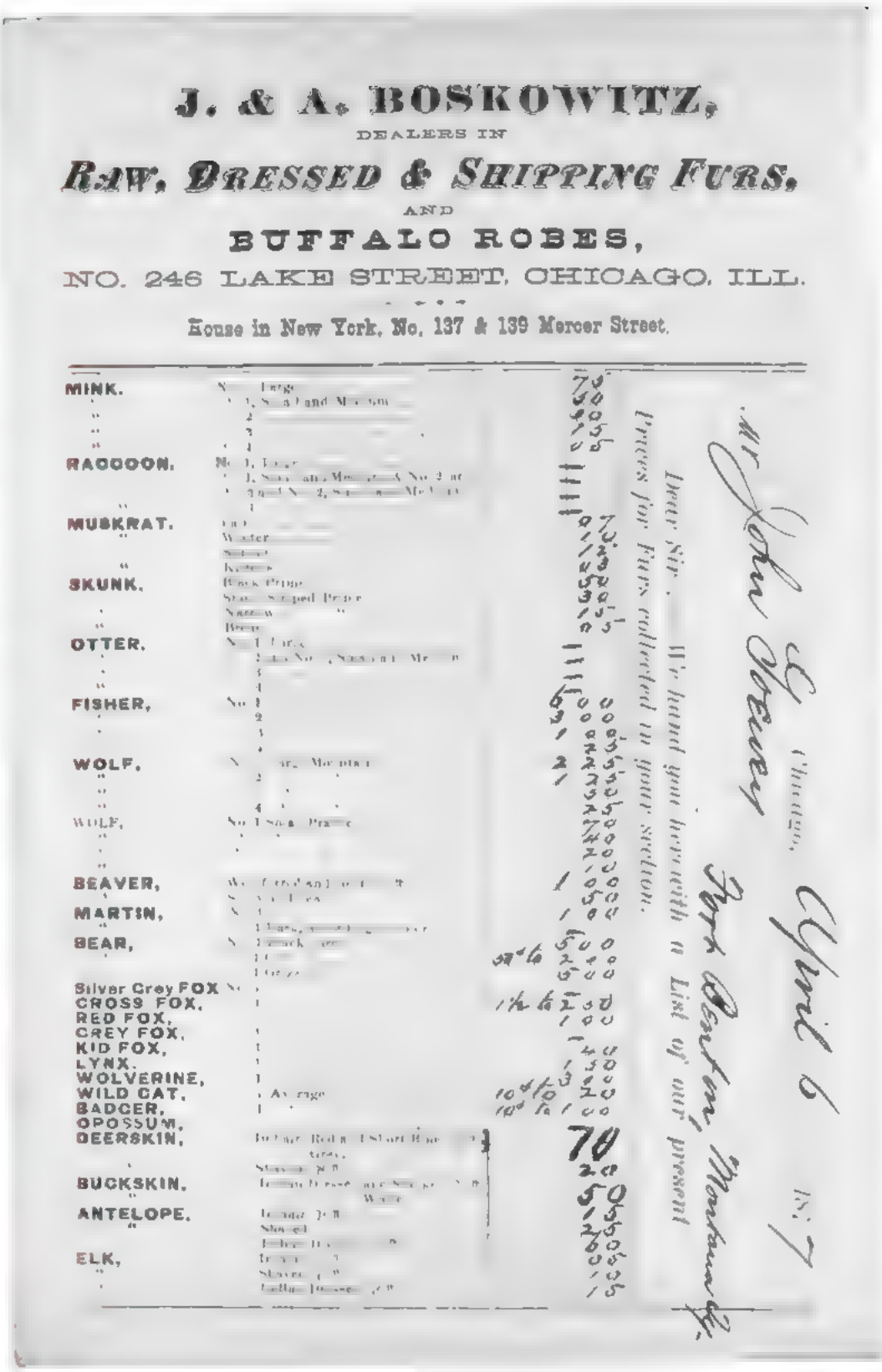
> Every moment might be a threat of massacre, even a drift of cloud-shadow across the edge of the plain. Let anyone come in sight above the horizon or along the edge of an oak grove, let a horse stumble in the brush or leave a hoofprint in the mud of the riverbank, let a squaw have a painful dream or a bird dart low over a cook fire — it was enough to start the women screaming and digging foxholes and the braves running in circles and firing muskets at the sky.

In a very few words DeVoto evoked a place, a time, and a whole culture. If any of our scholars have a comparable capability — imagination, the power to bring it to bear upon communication, a way with words, and mastery of background — let them not hide it away.

Whatever we call him — a synthesist or simply a historian working deftly, understandingly, and imaginatively at his trade — there is plenty of scope for a good

Text continued on page 35

The exploits of the mountain men have been recounted many times in history and in fiction, and likewise, the history of the fur trade of the Far West has had its many chroniclers, but little attention has been paid to the economic problems of this important area of American enterprise. These unique documents, reproduced here in facsimile, shed light on three aspects of the American fur trade. First, the price list on these two pages (front and back of one list), issued in the spring of 1877 by J. & A. Boskowitz, Chicago, Illinois, indicates the prices paid for various pelts and hides.



J. & A. BOSKOWITZ,

DEALERS IN

RAW, DRESSED & SHIPPING FURS,

AND

BUFFALO ROBES,

NO. 246 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

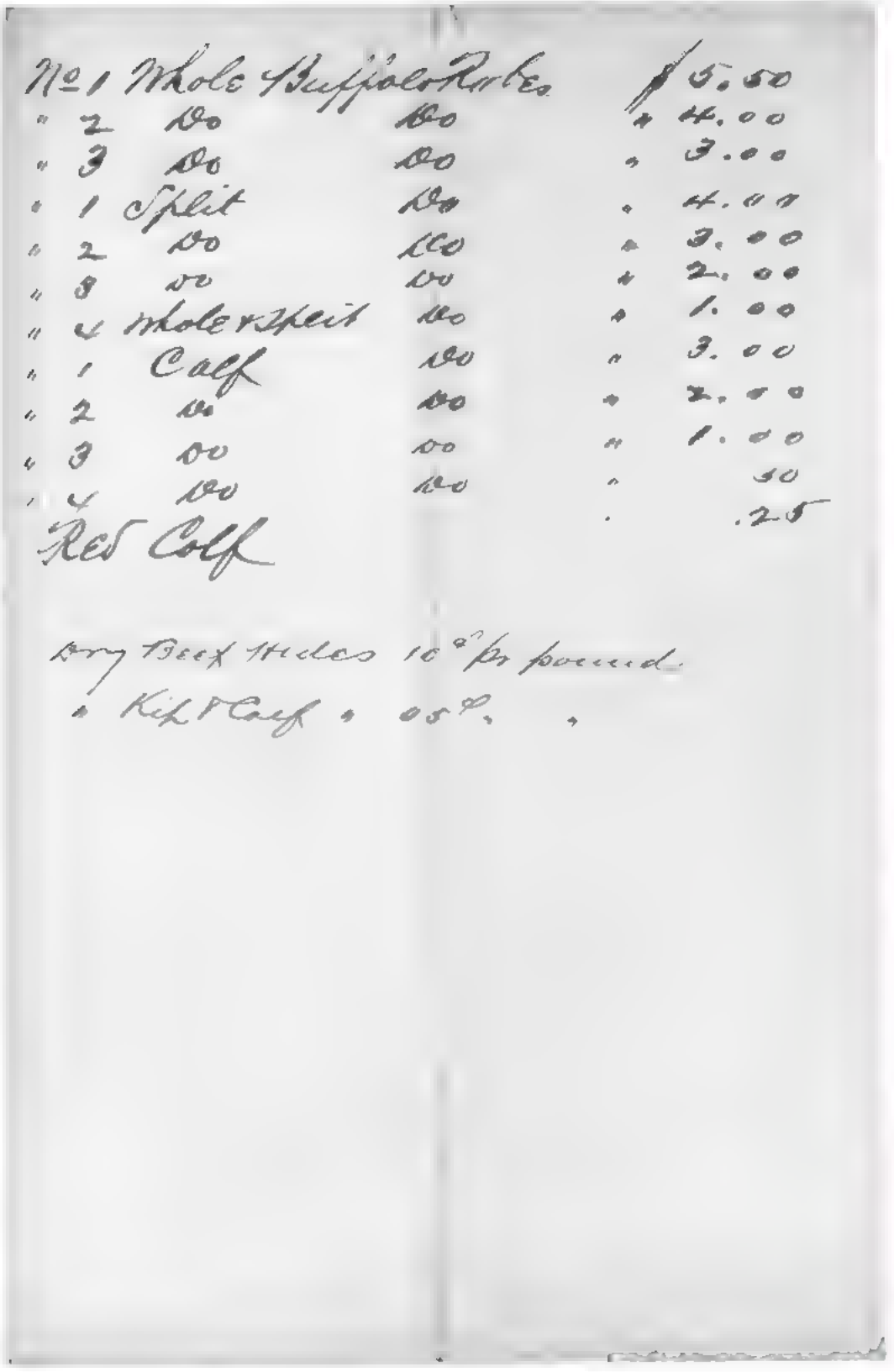
House in New York, No. 137 & 139 Mercer Street.

MINK.
RACCOON.
MUSKRAT.
SKUNK.
OTTER.
FISHER,
WOLF.
WOLF,
BEAVER,
MARTIN,
BEAR,
Silver Grey FOX
CROSS FOX,
RED FOX,
GREY FOX,
KID FOX,
LYNX,
WOLVERINE,
WILD CAT,
BADGER,
OPOSSUM,
DEERSKIN,
BUCKSKIN,
ANTELOPE,
ELK,

Mr John A Boskowitz Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir, We hand you herewith a List of our present Prices for Furs collected in your section.

FRONT



No 1	Mole & Buffalo Robes		$ 5.50
" 2	do	do	" 4.00
" 3	do	do	" 3.00
" 1	Split	do	" 4.00
" 2	do	do	" 3.00
" 3	do	do	" 2.00
" 4	Mole & Split	do	" 1.00
" 1	Calf	do	" 3.00
" 2	"	do	" 2.00
" 3	do	do	" 1.00
" 4	do	do	" .50
	Red Calf		" .25

Dry Beef Hides 10¢ per pound
" Kip & Calf " 05¢ "

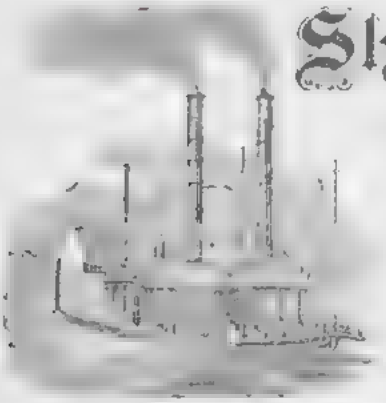
Second, the bill of lading (see following page, 34) for goods shipped to this same company later in the summer of that year illustrates the quantities of furs and hides shipped to market by one dealer from Fort Benton, Montana Territory. Third, many have assumed that the Far Western fur business was basically at an end by the middle 1840's. The dates of these documents suggest that considerable fur activity was still going on many years after the Civil War was over. These documents are reproduced here through the courtesy of Floyd E. Risvold of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

BACK

. . *see caption on preceding page*

Union Line. STEAMER RED CLOUD,

JAMES SMITH, Master. AL. MAYNARD, Clerk.



H. P. Bradley & Co., 221 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

Shipped, IN APPARENT GOOD ORDER AND CONDITION, BY

Ed Gowey

On account and risk of whom it may concern, on board the good Steamboat RED CLOUD. *the following articles, marked and numbered as below, which are to be delivered, without delay, in like good order and condition, at*

Chicago Ill *on Levee or wharfboat, unavoidable dangers of the rivers fire, explosion and collision, with privilege of lighting, towing, re-shipping and storing,) unto* Ed O Boarkowitz

#246 Lake St ..... *or assigns, he or they paying freight for said goods at the rate of* (One and a half) Cents

At Chicago

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the Owner, Master, or Clerk of said Steamboat hath affirmed to 3 Bills of Lading, all of this tenor and date, one of which being accomplished the other to stand void

Dated at Beulton *this* 12 *day of* July *187*7

MARKS		ARTICLES.	WEIGHT
E Gowey and Co	558	Dry Hides	14566
	152	Bales Buffalo Robes	15300
	2 "	Red Calf	270
	5 "	Half Hides	514
	11 "	Beaver	1636
	16 "	Elk	1719
	27 "	Antelope	1978
	31 "	Deer	2694
	1 "	Mixed Furs	125
			38802

man prepared to give himself to the charms of fur-trade history. How useful, for example, would be a history of the Rocky Mountain trade that would view this segment of the trade in long perspective, as an integral part of the whole North American fur production. We have seen much loose writing about the "incredible richness" of the Rocky Mountain beaver preserves at the time exploitation began. But did the Rocky Mountain yield ever really compare with that of the Canadian fur lands, or even with that of the Great Lakes region fifty or a hundred years earlier? Maybe the American West was rich only in poor man's terms. It would be interesting to find out!

And how useful would it be to have some sound economic studies of the trade! I can scarcely imagine a more pressing want. James Clayton, of the University of Utah, has lately occupied himself in digging out some of the economic facts of fur-trade history and has demonstrated that the fur trade did not lie down and die in 1843 as the Chittenden stereotype has led us all to suppose. The Rocky Mountain fur trade, as a way of life that drew sustenance from the annual rendezvous, had indeed ceased to exist, and well before 1843. But the fur trade itself went on. John Sunder, in his *The Fur Trade on the Upper Missouri, 1840–1865*, has well recorded how a part of that trade sustained itself into the sixties; the inland (or outland) trade, with more emphasis upon the buffalo robe and less upon the beaver pelt, flourished in its own fashion throughout the same period. Another change in emphasis came with the virtual extermination of the buffalo by hide hunters who were actively encouraged by the Indian-hating army. The robe trade died out, but the fur trade continued, doubtless more valuable today than ever.

The economic history on which I lay such stress should, of course, be broad enough to embrace the problems of the entrepreneurs and fur merchants achingly neglected while historians have preoccupied themselves with the fur trade mainly as a force in geographic exploration. For a long while now our ideas have been dominated by the viewpoint of the trappers, individual mountain men colorful enough to have become the subjects of biographies, one after another. Such men bawled their fury when they felt themselves ground down by the entrepreneurs; their voices have mainly been heard in the literature, and the uproar that is their legacy has deafened historians to virtually all other voices. A beaver skin taken in by a trader was not, as many have supposed, the equivalent of so much gold, to be deposited in the U.S. Mint or a mattress in the back room: it had to be sold. Dealers in fur could, and often did, lose their shirts. It is time all this was explored with some understanding that the fur trade did not exist in a world beyond time and circumstance. The prices placed upon goods traded for beaver in the mountains or along the rivers, the size, nature, and justification for markups, even a clear exposition of the type of goods traded, where bought, on what terms, to whom sold (Indians or white trappers), their quality, and the use made of them — all these facts would be instructive and need not be boring. Fights with grizzlies, tall tales, battles with the whisky jug, high jinks at rendezvous, and other familiar ingredients of the storyteller's art are not the only means of enlivening histories of the fur trade. By all means, let us have some well-written economic history with its own commanding excitement!

The fur trade teems with possibilities for investigation. No good history of the trading posts up the Missouri River, not even a dependable checklist to replace Chittenden's shaky essay in that direction, has been attempted yet; probably 50 percent of what has been published about these forts is flatly wrong, and the errors propagate themselves with the vigor that weeds alone seem to possess. A scholar could have himself a fine time getting at the facts, and a good many of us would rather have the flowers than the weeds. Individual fur-trading concerns in the vast basin of the Missouri similarly await thorough investigation. It is incredible that we do not yet have a useful history of the company which bore various names at different times but was always dominated by the Chouteaus of St. Louis. Only this primary lack makes it surprising that the Columbia Fur Company, founded in 1822 and transformed five years later into the American Fur Company's Upper Missouri Outfit, has been subjected to no critical study, the accepted beliefs about this concern being fable to the extent of perhaps 40 percent.

Again, much has been said about the role of liquor in the fur trade. Much has been said but to little point, and it has been mainly reiteration of stereotypes. It would be serviceable if some scholar would take this subject in hand and do it up from A to Z on the continental scale. I suspect we would be surprised by some of the findings. And certainly scholars could think about the fur trade much more realistically when such a study had been completed.

continued on page 92

The author: Bill Grimstad
The time: any time from 1901 to 1921
The place: Coronado Tent City adjunct
of Spreckels stately pleasure dome
Hotel del Coronado in San Diego Bay

SAND FLEAS & SALAD DAYS

Car 41 of John D. Spreckels' street railway rolls majestically down the avenue, motorman's brass buttons agleam and small boy marching alongside.

People arriving for a few months of tent living were chiefly residents of Imperial or San Joaquin valleys, or other areas which tended to become infernos in summer. Not a few San Diegans, too, vied for places on the always-long waiting list so as to be admired summer commuters to their dental parlors, real estate offices, and banks across the bay. And there was even a scattering of cosmopolitan sophisticates who liked to save

continued on next spread

a buck by living in tents while enjoying the amenities of the hotel.

This striking building (A) had gone up in the middle of the great land "boom" of the eighties. An Ohio capitalist, E. S. Babcock, came to San Diego, as many did, to die of tuberculosis. But his health improved, and he was able to join in the fashionable sport of rowing across the bay to hunt jackrabbits on vacant Coronado and North Island.

One day he is supposed to have lowered his gun and said, "Gentlemen! What a splendid site for a resort hotel! Let's build one here that will attract people from all over the world—and let's buy this whole peninsula and subdivide it and sell enough lots to pay for the hotel."

And so the pleasingly variegated bulk of one of America's great Gilded Age resorts took shape. The groundbreaking was in March of 1887, but sensationally high-priced lot auctions had been held for a year previously. The architects, James and Merritt Reid, were given almost carte blanche by Babcock. One of their draftsmen, Edward H. Davis, said, "The hotel never did seem to stop growing; it was amazing how many rooms were built that were not even planned for at the start of construction."

In order to give a measure of fireproofing, the structure was built almost entirely of redwood sawed in Dolbeer and Carson's great mill in San Francisco. Originally, nearly every room had a fireplace with carved cherry mantel. Each room also had a wall safe, which permits a fair appraisal of the clientele.

In this dim 1887 photo (B), we see some of the hullabaloo which Babcock stirred up to promote his project. The balloon "City of Tia Juana" is about to rise in front of the nearly completed building.

Not long after the hotel's opening, the Boom of the Eighties went the way of all booms and "busted." Unfortunately, it left Babcock in much the same position.

How and when Tent City got started is no longer clear. San Diego historians disagree on the exact date that the first gay striped tents billowed into shape on the vacant strand. The consensus is that it was about 1901—a decade after San Francisco sugar heir John D. Spreckels stepped off his yacht Lurline and bought the Hotel del Coronado from its overextended builders, E. S. Babcock and H. L. Story.

Spreckels assumed control of what was still largely a developer's dream, as in this optimistic engraving (C). The reality, in the late eighties, was less intoxicating. The only apparent activity in the picture below (D) is a steam trolley car shuttling down Orange Avenue between the ferry landing and the hotel. Tent cities were not unknown elsewhere on the Pacific Coast, and

All photos for this article derive from a major archive of historical photographs of San Diego at the Title Insurance and Trust Company office of San Diego. Comprised of many thousands of identified negatives and prints, the breadth of coverage of subject matter in the collection embraces a period of over a hundred years. Conceived and started many years ago by James D. Forward, founding president of the company, the collection, under the direction of Leonard Booth, has become one of the outstanding photo archives in southern California.

E

F

it is likely that the idea was one of the measures taken by Spreckels to popularize Coronado when the hotel proved an insufficient drawing card.

The word "tent" was used a bit freely in some cases. Apparently, about one in five of the accommodations were of this type (E). The architectural concept might well have evolved from the brush ramadas thrown up by the Indians of the Colorado Desert to ward off the devilish noon sun. In the year-round cool breezes of Coronado Strand, though, such a house was probably prized for its allusion to romantic Polynesian isles slightly beyond the means of most Tent City patrons.

Here (F), two young Tent City ladies, in the embonpoint of the day, observe the passing show from their porch. Inside their grass and canvas house was an iron bedstead, a three-legged iron washstand with bowl and pitcher (possibly slightly chipped from prior service in the hotel), odds and ends of furniture of varying decor, and a gasoline stove which managed not to catch fire. There was a community sink at the center of each block, and later on, a barrel of ice water at each intersection on Main Street, courtesy of the management.

The price was high for farmers and druggists: $27 per week, including maid service. But people paid, and waited on the list most of the year for a tent during the June-to-September "season." The best San Diego people made certain that they had one whether they used it or not.

Up at the hotel, by contrast, accommodations were the last word in plush and fringe-ball opulence, as illustrated by this view of the bridal suite (G). Among the design marvels of the day were Monsieur Thonet's bentwood chairs, and here we see two with brocade seats.

In the hotel's center courtyard was a lush garden (H), where the more dreamy type of post-Victorian maiden might stroll and read Tennyson—among palms and jasmine for a change.

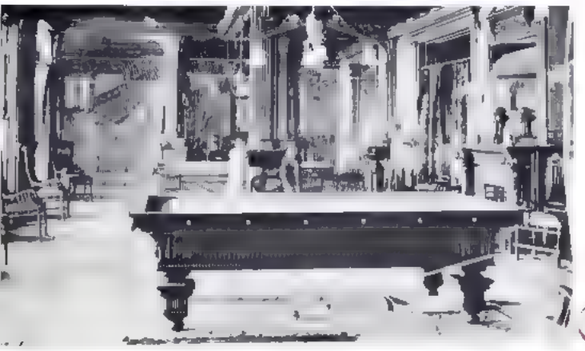
G

H

I

For the middle class folk of Tent City, rubbernecking at the hotel (I) was one way to spend an idle Sunday afternoon. The guest register there bade fair to be an international Who's Who most years. At any given time, such luminaries as Albert Bigelow Paine, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, L. Frank Baum, Robert Todd Lincoln, Mme. Modjeska, Melba, Ellen Terry, and William Jennings Bryan might have been in residence — *not to mention Benjamin* Harrison, William McKinley, William Howard Taft, and Teddy Roosevelt.

Thomas Edison stopped by regularly and kept a paternal eye on the powerplant, where a steam engine with a twenty-inch belt generated lighting and streetcar power.



Even Maxim Gorky checked in once for a firsthand report of decadent bourgeois luxury. Here carriages and spectators stand at the ready moments before the descent of some notable. An unconcerned dobbin at right takes opportunity to nibble a random posy.

The question might arise, just what did one do at a tent city once the suitcase was unpacked, the roaches stamped into hiding, and the one or two straight-backed rockers tried out? Perhaps one of the first stops upon venturing into the whirl of Coronado life might have been a Victorian-style building not visible in the photo below (J), where there was a lending library on the top floor and a soda fountain below—in those days as important a social institution as today's cocktail lounges.

In the cupola-topped building at the right, beyond the carousel, was a fine restaurant where waiters in tuxedos served lobster salad, fresh garden vegetables, and porterhouse steaks at reasonable prices. In the same building was a theater and band shell. Elsewhere was a rifle range, pool hall, and an oriental novelty shop and chop suey parlor. Along a section of the bay front known as "Joy Ward" was located Colonel Westlake with his kewpie dolls and pillow tops. Monsieur Emil Macé and his Parisian waffles, and J. H. Truxell's game, "Knock the Head off the Kaiser".

For the ladies there were suitable and seemly diversions. The genteel might try a hand at archery (K). The athletic would have limbered up their tennis arms (L). The daring and au courant chalked cues in the hotel ladies' billiard parlor (M). Or a little person who liked to be alone could simply go for a stroll along the jetty with her parasol (N).

For children there were original and exciting amusements, such as this mock bullfight of 1905 (O), and a bathing pool (P) which some enjoyed more than others.

Fishing could be rewarding (Q), or for the really energetic there was polo (R), or catboat racing on Glorietta Bay (S). The yatching set, though perhaps secretly admired, was not quickly accepted into the best circles of Tent City society. Memory of the time when several of these young bloods created a scene at a band concert lingered in people's minds.

They had sailed in on their yawl one night and found their way to the band pavilion where they sat in the front row of seats. About midway through the performance, they reached into cardboard containers and began eating large dill pickles. It was too much for the bandsmen, and lips pressed to instruments broke into smiles. The conductor, unamused, waved off what was left of the music, summoned Tent City's one-man police department to "street" the offenders, and the band played on.

To finish off a Tent City day in good style, one would have attended one of these concerts by Ohlmeyer's Band (T). This hugely admired ensemble gave two concerts most days of the week. Favorites from Grieg, Victor Herbert, or Ambroise Thomas were played in the afternoons, with meatier fare at night. "The Great Wagnerian Concert" of July 30, 1913, essayed the overture to Rienzi, the Magic Fire Music, and featured a euphonium solo in "Abendstern" from Tannhauser.

Occasionally the San Diego newspapers (which faithfully printed Herr Ohlmeyer's programs, with meticulous notes upon the eccentricities of the geniuses to be per-

formed) would announce a special treat: Professor Chas. P. Lowe, "Wizard of the Xylophone," or Herr Franz Helle with a fluegelhorn solo — "and don't forget ragtime each Tuesday night."

The family on the beach at Coronado, about 1905 (U). Decency required that ladies' bathing garb cover everything but the arms. Mrs. J. Harold Peterson of Coronado remembers the time that her sister went swimming in Glorietta Bay and suffered the indescribable humiliation of losing the skirt of her bathing suit in the water. Of course, there were bloomers under the skirt, and stockings under those, but the predicament was dire. The girl simply could not come out of the water that way, so her father and mother sloshed out with a blanket and covered her as she retreated to their tent.

San Diego old-timers' best memories of Tent City seem to be those of nighttime Fourth of July fireworks displays mirrored on Glorietta Bay, followed by the strains of "Moonlight Bay" or "The Old Rugged Cross" drifting from canoes and boats. But something like this fine seascape (V) by early-day photographer H. R. Fitch might have been the mind's eye view carried away by thousands of Tent City sojourners returning to their homes across the land.

Under a rare stormy sky, the Pacific's slumbrous waves cream in past the tip of the jetty. Just above it, on the horizon, is the northwesternmost point of old Mexico. Twenty miles off, on the right horizon, rises the elephant-back profile of the Coronado Islands, the first authentic Pacific isles in a land's end vista looking straight into the fabled South Seas.

As summer grayed down into fall, crowds became thinner and the tents one by one disappeared to be stored against winter's rain (W). A few enthusiasts stuck it out the year round, but most had climbed on the city-bound trolley for the last time by September.

By the 1920's Tent City had reached its final formulation (X), and Coronado itself approached the bustling state of development envisioned long before by Babcock. Tent City had passed only its half-life, but its best days were behind it. The decline was gradual. Local records are vague and undramatic. There are only dark hints of social opprobrium, attributed to causes varying from cockroaches and sand fleas to unchaperoned post-midnight parties. But chiefly, of course, interest had shifted to other, more "sophisticated" vacation ventures, like climbing — or setting out to climb — Pike's Peak in a Model T.

The Indestructible Mrs. Brown

By Lucius Beebe

Although the carbonate fortunes of Colorado's bonanza years endowed many women with the means to live expensively (witness Mrs. Spencer Penrose, Mrs. Crawford Hill, and the matchless lady spendthrift of them all, Evalyn Walsh McLean), none lived higher on the hog while she remained in funds than Margaret Tobin Brown, who entered the mythology of money as "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown," heroine of the *Titanic*.

The wife of a diamond-in-the-rough-type miner named James J. Brown, the unsinkable Mrs. Brown had her origins across the railroad tracks and never made it at the grade crossing so far as Denver's formal society was concerned, a circumstance which brackets her with Cleveland's Mrs. James Corrigan, who enjoyed social success and acceptance everywhere except at home. Like Laura Corrigan, Mrs. Brown gained entrée to foreign circles where no prejudice was entertained against American gaucheries if they were sufficiently underwritten with hard cash, but the "Sacred Thirty-six," over which towered the emerald tiara of Mrs. Crawford Hill, refused to be impressed by Molly Brown's exploits even after her elevation to the status of heroine. Formal dinners at the country club never knew her presence.

The legend of the unsinkable Molly Brown has been one to confuse historians because of a penchant for picturesque mendacity on the part of its principal figure. The truth was not in her when fabrication suited her ends, which was most of the time, and the resulting fabric of conflicting facts has confused even so meticulous a chronicler of Colorado's golden years as Gene Fowler. Although her married name was Mrs. James J. Brown, she became less and less closely associated with her pipe-smoking husband's Irish brogue as she was farther and farther removed from Leadville, so that in London she had no hesitation about claiming to be the spouse of multimillionaire Leadville Johnny, who in fact was John F. Campion, principal owner of the Little Johnny mine where Jim Brown was employed.

Then, too, there was the first of the many legends about Molly Brown's ascendent fortunes. As first circulated, the story was to the effect that Jim Brown had struck it rich early in his Leadville days, sold out for $250,000 spot cash, and had been carried home the worse

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Lucius Beebe passed away suddenly in Hillsborough, California, on Friday, February 4, 1966. The reader will find of interest the self-appraisal, "Beebe on Beebe," and a brief profile of Beebe by Charles M. Clegg on page 94.

All photos courtesy of Denver Public Library Western Collection

Molly Brown, self-styled "Girl of the Old West." Because of her taste in expensive and preposterous fur coats, her critics referred to her as "Colorado's unique fur-bearing animal." The tall duchess cane became her hallmark.

for wear after a night of celebration by kind friends to the Brown manse, which at the time was a two-room miner's cottage on Fryer Hill. Before they left, the night being cold, his companions thoughtfully built a good hot fire in the stove where Jim had but a moment before stashed his newfound fortune in bank notes.

"Never mind, darling," Jim is supposed to have told his wife the next morning, "there's plenty more where that came from." That afternoon he is supposed to have brought in the Little Johnny, one of Leadville's greatest bonanzas.

Critics have since pointed out that most transactions at that time and place were in gold and that Irish Jim Brown's mentality was of the sort that would have recoiled from paper currency. On the other hand, nobody could have carried $250,000 in double eagles, provided that was the amount actually involved.

In any event, the record attests that, for a fact, Jim Brown was in the late eighties employed as one of the superintendents at the Little Johnny and was a very good miner indeed. In the liberal manner of the age, the Little Johnny's principal owner, John Campion, whom Molly was to claim as her husband from sufficient remove, gave Brown an eighth share in the property which was then in full production, an equity amounting to perhaps $2 million which was a good deal of money in the Denver eighties. In its own dimension it was enough to allow Molly to travel extensively and to lie even more extensively about her resources, so that, by the time the reporters and feature writers got through with it, Molly was the lady Croesus of California Gulch.

The Browns could not wait to shake the dust of Leadville from their stout brogans and assume the ways of city folk in Denver, where they bought a residence of the sort spoken of at the time as a mansion. Situated at 1340 Pennsylvania Street, its parapet was ornamented with four carved stone lions that were shortly to become the landmarks in the Queen City of the Plains.

Armed with no more than a million or two, but determined to spend without stint to achieve her ends, Molly Brown began her prolonged assault on what proved to be the impervious portals of Denver's upper crust. She called, unintroduced, on members of Mrs. Crawford Hill's set who never seemed to be at home. Still without introduction, she sent invitations to lavish buffets, dinners, and supper parties which were also studiously ignored, so that the neighboring children had to be asked in to consume oceans of chicken a la king, quail in aspic, and ornamental ices. She wrote letters to the newspapers to call attention to herself, and society editors were happy to print them with grammar and orthography intact. In no time at all the future unsinkable Mrs. Brown had made herself so impossible that even the kinder hearted members of Denver society, who might eventually have eased her into its outer fringes, recoiled from her name as from a witticism in bad taste.

Mrs. Brown's notion of fashionable attire may conservatively be described as bizarre, and her taste in expensive and preposterous fur coats was so celebrated that members peering at her progress from behind the brownstone-framed windows of the impeccable Denver Club shouted with mirth and brought others hurrying from the bar with the cry of "Here comes Colorado's unique fur-bearing animal."

The domestic existence of Molly and Jim Brown bore a startling resemblance to that of Maggie and Jiggs in the cartoon funnies devised by George McManus of an only slightly later age. Molly, like her counterpart in the Sunday supplements, longed for grandeur and associations with the *bon ton*. Down-to-earth Jim, the hard-rock miner, was the prototype of Jiggs who hankered for Dinty Moore's corned beef and the boys in the back room at the corner saloon.

When Mrs. Brown, by now known as "The Impossible" Mrs. Brown, planned gala fetes in their mansion and, attired in what downgraded couturiers assured her was the height of fashion, awaited in her ballroom the guests who never came, Jim Brown foregathered in the furnace room with boon companions and a case of whisky, not to reappear until the coast was clear.

Mad for publicity and recognition, Mrs. Brown seems to have been uncommonly naive even for a girl from the far side of the Leadville tracks. She had her photograph taken against studio backdrops in a variety of attires and artistic poses, looking coyly at stuffed birds or wielding the long cane with jeweled hilt which she somehow associated with a dictator of fashion. She mailed these photographs to society editors with affidavits to the effect that they were casual snapshots exposed at splendid routs attended by Denver's Four Hundred at the Brown manse on Pennsylvania Street.

Add to these adverse circumstances the fact that Molly Brown undeniably looked like the public concept of an Irish washerwoman and even more closely resembled

In spite of the elegance of Molly's parlors in the House of Lions, James J. Brown (left) preferred the atmosphere of the furnace room with boon companions and a case of whiskey.

the type as years went by, and it is understandable that even the occasional down-at-the-heel foreign adventurers of title who prospected Denver were unavailable to her charms.

The unhappy truth was that Molly was totally lacking in any of the sensibilities that might have entitled her to being taken seriously in a formal order of things. When she learned that Mrs. Crawford Hill, whom she regarded as the greatest single obstacle to her social pretentions, was about to be presented at the Court of St. James, she waited on the American ambassador with demands that she, too, was eligible for the accolade of royalty, and it was with difficulty that the embassy was cleared of her presence. It had been simpler for an earlier American minister to reject a parallel claim on his offices by Eilley Orrum, the Washoe seeress and first of the Comstock millionaires from Nevada, when she wished to take tea with Queen Victoria. Eilley had been divorced and, therefore, was automatically removed from the queen's acceptability.

Entrée to the Court of St. James was less difficult for other Colorado heiresses, however, and Evalyn Walsh McLean, whose fortune was several hundred times that of Molly Brown, had no difficulty, during the Calvin Coolidge regime, of having distant friends accorded that honor.

But, although the most optimistic necromancer would have been hard put to see it, Molly Brown's finest hour was at hand when in 1912 she decided to abandon Denver as a bad job and tour in foreign parts where her superior person and her still abundant dollars would be appreciated.

Fate decreed that she should take passage home, after a tour of the less exclusive European spas and plages, aboard the royal mail ship *Titanic*, bound out of Liverpool on her maiden voyage. Jim Brown was not along, having packed his Gladstone and headed for parts unknown when one day he came home to the House of Lions to find that his wife, in a moment of mistaken hospitality, had turned his grounds over to an encampment of Cheyenne Indians who had pitched tepees on the lawn and were sleeping in the Fritschle electric automobile in the coach house.

Like many phases in the lives of the great, Mrs. Brown's first days out of Liverpool on the ill-fated luxury liner are clouded and, aside from the fact that she

carried a Colt automatic pistol in her muff and let it be known that she was a "Girl of the Old West" who could take care of herself in any company, she seems to have attracted little attention. The bridge games of Major Archie Butt, the dinners ordered by Colonel John Jacob Astor, the merest conversational pleasantries of knightly old Isador Straus—all somehow survived in retrospect to be incorporated into that classic of disaster, Walter Lord's *A Night to Remember,* but not Mrs. James J. Brown. She was just one more queer old American woman, reputedly wealthy, who wore eccentric fur coats and would eventually have to be dissuaded from performing in the ship's concert the last night out.

Late on the *Titanic*'s last evening afloat, Mrs. Brown was moved to take a quick turn around the deck before retiring to her cabin and appeared muffled against the cold in the following inventory of garments: a suit of woolen unmentionables, a pair of heavy walking bloomers that she had purchased in Switzerland and which fastened at the knee with elastic, two woolen petticoats, a walking dress of Scottish cashmere, heavy woven golf stockings, a pair of sensible flat-heeled shoes, knitted mittens, and a $4000 Russian sable muff in which reposed her automatic pistol. Over this ensemble she chose to wear a magnificent $60,000 chinchilla evening cape. If, as Gene Fowler later was to remark, anyone ever was dressed to meet an iceberg, it was Molly Brown.

The details of the *Titanic*'s last doomed hours are not the concern of this chronicle save that, as the luxury ship and so many of her celebrated sailing list plunged to the bottom of the Atlantic, Molly Brown found herself in No. 6 lifeboat with twenty-eight survivors, all but two of them women, many of them crazed with fear that the *Titanic*'s suction would carry them with her under the waves.

"I'll row," said Mrs. Brown, who was already starting to assume the unsinkable role she would play to the hilt beginning the following morning. "I haven't for years —but I learned when I was a child on the banks of the Mississippi. I bet I still can."

Shortly after this it was apparent that many of the women and children in No. 6 had come away without appropriate garments and were suffering intensely from the bitterly cold night air that followed in the wake of the fatal iceberg. Off came the sable cape to be wrapped around a shivering coal trimmer who had come away from the stokehold in nothing but a pair of trousers. Soon afterward the expensive tweed walking dress went to cover a whimpering woman in the bows, and the formidable woolen petticoats were wrapped around ill-clad children, while Mrs. Brown, increasingly a figure of terror as her garments were peeled from her ample person, swore mighty Leadville blasphemies at able-bodied survivors who were reluctant to man the oars.

"Row, you sons of bitches," she thundered at the cowering occupants of No. 6, "row or I'll let daylight into you." And she brandished the Colt with fine disregard for the fact that no daylight was available at the moment.

The unsinkable Mrs. Brown achieved immortality standing in the back of a lifeboat in the midnight North Atlantic attired in her underwear while brandishing a pistol and using language that would have been an offense on Myers Avenue, Leadville, Colorado.

Next morning when the *Titanic*'s survivors were safe aboard the *Carpathia,* Mrs. Brown appointed herself a one-woman USO, nursing the shaken survivors in the *Carpathia*'s saloon which had been turned into an emergency ward, comforting the distraught, and raising a purse of $7000 for women who found themselves widows with none to meet them at the pierhead in New York. A robust and profane angel of mercy, she was veritably a heroine of a disaster that shocked the world.

It was when the reporters swarmed aboard the *Carpathia* at New York that Molly became unsinkable. "I had typical Brown luck," she told representatives of the Fourth Estate, "I'm unsinkable."

It would be pleasant to record that, having achieved a genuine celebrity in the nation's press whose emissaries besieged her for months thereafter as a Sunday editor's dream, Molly Brown grew more responsible; but the reverse, alas, is true.

It was now that she assumed the role of the wife of Leadville Johnny, Colorado Croesus, and an heiress of limitless resources. She took to fancy resorts where she had no authentic friends and paraded the lobbies of expensive hotels at Palm Beach, Newport, and New York in attire that was increasingly exotic. She showered

continued on page 93

Mrs. Brown, even with all her vigorous efforts, is not to be found among this festive gathering of the "Sacred Thirty-Six" who ruled Denver's society. View of Denver about 1909.

A Sketch from the Memory OFF OF WORK of Captain Fred K. Klebingat

In 1908 Fred Klebingat was an eighteen-year-old seaman fresh off a Cape Horn ship and out of work on the San Francisco waterfront. In tow of his friend Tommy, an old hand wise to the ways of the West Coast seaman's world, Fred wandered the waterfront, feeding up at free-lunch saloons like The Castle, The Favorite, and Sanguinetti's picking up a dime or a dollar now and then from open-handed sailors who had just been paid off arriving ships When they had no choice, Fred and Tommy wrapped themselves in newspapers and slept in empty coal bunkers Every day they went on the lookout for a job, but jobs for sailors were scarce that winter

"Let's make a trip up Oakland Creek," Tommy said to me. "There is always a chance we see a skipper that gives us a hint when his scow is going to start up."

There was a ferry which went up Oakland Creek, the "Team Ferry" some called it, and it was about the cheapest way to cross the bay. The fare was only one nickle. But here was the rub: to go across the bay and return would be ten cents. So you watched your chance when a couple of drays were boarding, when you knew that the mate would be at one side of the drays. This gave you the chance to sneak by on the other side.

In thirty-five or forty minutes the ferry made fast to a slip at the foot of Broadway in Oakland, and we headed east, up the creek, past the bridges to Alameda. We borrowed a skiff at an ark where Tommy knew the owner and pulled out to look over the shipping.

Lumber was what kept shipping going. With no freights offering, the steam schooners and sailing schooners would lay up in Oakland Creek. They would run up on the mud at the top of high water. No chance there was of getting adrift, but to make doubly sure the crew would run a wire to a "deadman" buried in the mudbank before they left.

There was no place more secure than this. No gale, blow it ever so hard, could do much harm. The ships would idle away until the depression or bad season that had halted construction ended, and the lumber barons recalled their idle mill crews and sent the loggers back to their woods. And so the sailors were out of work, and maybe only the skippers, in many cases without pay, would stay with the ships to keep the bay pirates from looting them.

It was a grand sight, that forest of all kinds of rigs — ships, barks, and barkentines, brigs and schooners and steam schooners — a grand spectacle to one poetically inclined, but a depressing sight to a sailor without a job. We could see, Tommy and I, as we pulled past these tiers of ships in our borrowed skiff, that many of them would never see the open ocean again. Many of them were worn out, old and rotten, and too far gone or too costly to repair.

All the while the busy teredo was eating away at planking and frames. An abandoned hull would sink lower and lower as the wood was consumed by the insatiable shipworm. At low water you might see the outline of a ship that once was — here and there an iron bolt half rusted away, remnants of planking, frames, and ceiling still held together by the black locust treenails which defied teredos and dryrot.

Dependence on lumber cargoes had the most to do with the slumps that idled ships and seamen, but there was another factor that contribued to idle seafarers in wintertime — the Alaska fishermen. Tommy told me this and more as we pulled the skiff up and down the creek. He pointed to rows of big square-rigged ships now laid up, the greater part of them the "Star" fleet of the Alaska Packers Association. All of these would start up in a month or so, to be drydocked, then towed over to the city to load supplies and material for the salmon canneries in Alaska. When the summer salmon run was over, they would load up the pack, return, and lay up for another winter — putting hundreds and hundreds of men on the beach to compete for berths at a time of the year when the lumber business might be slack.

"The way it works," Tommy said, "the fishermen belong to the Alaska Fishermen's Union and the Sailors Union of the Pacific both, and when they come back in the fall, they chisel us out of our jobs."

"How the hell can they do that?" I asked, with the indignation of youth. "How can that happen if one does his work, is good at humping lumber, and minds his business?"

"That is all you know about it," said Tommy. "I can see that you need some education badly. A kit of salmon bellies and a box of cigars for the skipper and mate both will turn the trick. Then the mate will tell you to go to the Old Man and get your dough and get out; they don't give a damn how good you are at your work. Of course you can complain to the union — a lot of good it will do you!

"Then in the spring, and if you behave yourself, and if you are around, you may have your old job back again, so that the fishermen can go back to Alaska again, and once more pack a few kegs of salmon bellies, and again buy a few boxes of cigars for your mate and skipper.

"It's a hell of a system," Tommy concluded.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

THE SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM

BY JOHN R. SIBBALD

The frontier army of the United States in the forty years following the outbreak of the Civil War was not a unique fighting force in at least one inveterate appendage. Its call to the drum rallied both the route-step recruit and breveted brigadier and those, too, of that sometimes gentle sex who became the washers and the waltzers of the western army posts. To the ladies, at least, there was a perfectly reasonable explanation for their presence: "I had cast my lot with a soldier," said one old-timer, "and where he was, was home to me."

Quite without War Department blessings, the ladies succeeded in stringing their bloomers on the clotheslines of almost every frontier garrison. Distant posts like old Fort Bliss in Texas, Lapwai in Idaho, the Presidio, and Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, came to know their whims and vigors. Many a tired regular felt his pulse quicken at the swish of their skirts. But unlike their soldier protagonists, whose existence has been faithfully preserved in regimental histories and order books, the women of the frontier army suggest an ethereal "lost battalion." It is a fate they little deserve.

Camp Followers All

Largely overlooked by historians, the fascinating story of their lives and the observations they made about the West around them merit a belated roll call.

Traditionally, the War Department was oblivious of the women—and intentionally so. While army regulations of the period made occasional reference to sutlers, teamsters, laundresses, and other nonuniformed personnel, it was more feasible to consider as camp followers all of those civilians who customarily moved with the troops. If the term provided a convenient elixir for the department, it proved a bitter pill to some of the ladies. One wife who was particularly solicitous of her social status complained that "the officers used sportively to look up the rules in the army regulations for camp followers, and read them out to us as they would the riot act!" Nevertheless, she had to concede that "in the event of any questions being raised regarding our privileges, we women really came under no other head in the book which is the sole authority for our army."

Actually, many of the women who ventured west with the Indian-fighting soldiers belonged to a more select assemblage than they realized. Scattered through the few hundred pages of the very regulations that labeled them all so unceremoniously were a few brief passages that sanctioned the existence at western posts of three groups of women: laundresses (usually the wives of enlisted men, although it was not uncommon at many posts to find the wife of a civilian or even a single woman or two engaged in the same toil); servants; and wives and daughters of officers. Together, they constituted the true army women of the West. Down the trail, in the nearest settlement or ramshackle "hog ranch," strutted their chief competitors—the celebrated ladies of easy virtue who considered the army blue to be equally worth following, but whose intentions in the eyes of the War Department were somewhat less honorable. These latter are not the subjects of this story.

The army women were remarkably silent about any misgivings they may have felt in making the trip to the frontier. Indian depredations were well known in the East, but few women embarking on the journey west considered them worth mention. Instead, they worried about the ravages to their complexions from the rigors of the elements, difficulties in keeping household goods, schooling of growing children, loss of contact with the local church, and the constant moves required of army personnel. About the latter, they had sound reason for concern. Nannie Mills, married to a captain in the Eighteenth Infantry, set up housekeeping at nineteen different frontier garrisons.

Railroads were instrumental in carrying the women a good part of the way to their isolated destinations. Numerous delays for shooting at wildlife and alleviating hot boxes caused the trains to run consistently late. Katherine Garrett, destined to wed a lieutenant in the Seventh Cavalry, discovered that they only made up time at station meal breaks.

> One might just be scalding one's mouth against a tin cup of coffee, or snatching a sandwich, when the whistle would blow, the conductor shout, "All aboard!" and we would have to scamper back to our car or be left behind. The result was a food stampede. . . . In one instance a worn mother with four

MRS. MARGARET L. LEWIS, HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK

ravenous urchins grabbed a sizzling steak in a piece of paper on her hurried way to the train, when a lean, hungry-looking Cassius in top boots, wide-brimmed hat, and chaps tried to snatch it right out of her hand. Whereupon another burly stranger, similarly clad, promptly knocked him down, salvaged the tidbit from the alkali dust, and returned it to the bewildered woman.

Like most sweethearts and wives of officers and enlisted men, Katharine Garrett was traveling west alone. Female servants, on the other hand, were brought out in groups whenever the officers could secure rail passage for them. Considering the frequency of army moves, it was a rare army woman who did not sooner or later experience a trip on a troop train. Rachel Lobach, riding with several other laundresses of the Second Cavalry to Hastings, Nebraska, in 1865, noted no particular discomforts about troop trains. She did, however, use the trip as the occasion to write home about the long red flannels the ladies all wore. There was good reason for her interest in warm underwear. Where the comparative warmth and comfort of the trains ended, horse and mule transportation began, involving a more direct encounter with the often unkind western climate.

Many women professed genuine sympathy for the unpredictable army mules. This was particularly true with the officers' wives. Martha Summerhayes, the wife of a second lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, became obsessed with the plight of these animals to the point where she confused them with persons. Informed of an accident in which a six-mule wagon team plunged off a cliff, she was so distressed by the loss of the mules that she neglected to ask about the fate of the riders. Again, after a long drive across the desert it was late evening before the tents were pitched and supper cooked. She recalled the jaded mules when the wagons rolled in: "I could forget my own discomfort and even hunger, when I looked at their sad faces." Equally disturbing to Mrs. Summerhayes was the verbal abuse the teamsters directed at her four-legged friends.

Each mule got its share of dreadful curses. I had never heard or conceived of any oaths like those. They made my blood fairly curdle, and I am not speaking figuratively. The shivers ran up and down my back, and I half expected to see those teamsters struck down by the hand of the Almighty. . . . Each teamster had his own particular variety of oaths, each mule had a feminine name, and this brought the swearing down to a sort of personal basis.

Not all of the women met mules as they left the train. Some steamed west aboard a Missouri River steamer, or took the ocean route to the Pacific Coast. Stagecoaches helped span the miles for others. But for the combined employment of almost every conceivable means of conveyance, one could hardly surpass the epic journey of Mrs. Orsemus Boyd to join her second lieutenant husband at Fort Halleck, Nevada. When Mrs. Boyd commenced her trip in January 1868, there was no railroad linking East and West. In New York she boarded a steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and, after the three-hour train ride across the Isthmus of Panama, resumed her voyage to San Francisco. From that port she engaged a steamer to Sacramento and entrained for Cisco, which was then the terminus of the Pacific Railroad. Leaving the train, she continued toward

ANSON MILLS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

(Above) Nannie Mills, much-traveled wife of the inventor of the Mills Cartridge Belt. At right is a map showing frontier posts where army women served. Superimposed are the western travels of Nannie Mills and the garrisons where she set up housekeeping.

Ft. Colville
Ft Walla Walla
Ft. Vancouver
Ft. Lapwai
Ft. Shaw
Cp. Cooke
Ft. Buford
Ft Berthold
Ft. Stevenson
Ft. Abraham Lincoln
Ft. Rice
Cp. Baker
Ft. Ellis
Ft. Phil Kearny
Ft. Meade
Ft. Sully
Ft. Randall
Ft Fetterman
Cp. Sheridan
Ft Laramie
Ft. Niobrara
Cp. McDermitt
Ft. Halleck
Ft. Bridger
Ft. Sanders
Ft. D. A. Russell
North Platte
Ft. Douglas
Ft. McPherson
Ft. Kearney
Ft. Sedgwick
Presidio
Ft. Hays
Ft. Riley
Ft. Crawford
Ft. Lyon
Ft. Dodge
Ft. Garland
Cp. Supply
Ft. Mojave
Ft. Union
Drum Bks.
Ft. Whipple
Cp. Verde
Cp. Apache
Cp. Date Creek
Cp. McDowell
Ft. Sill
Ft. Yuma
Ft Thomas
Ft. Lowell
Ft. Fillmore
Ft. Grant
Ft. Bliss
Ft Concho
Ft. Davis
Ft. Sam Houston
Ft. McIntosh

Nevada astraddle a sled in the teeth of a Sierra snowstorm. Some miles later, Mrs. Boyd's party switched to a stagecoach.

The ride to Virginia City was a nightmare. "We peered into endless precipices, down which we momentarily expected to be launched, for the seeming recklessness of our driver and extreme narrowness of the roads made such a fate appear imminent." Hanging on became virtually impossible. "Long before morning all devices, except the extreme one of lying flat on the bottom of the coach and resigning ourselves to the inevitable, had failed." Leaving Virginia City, the other extreme was encountered and for five sleepless days and nights the stage was so tightly packed that to move one's feet required the simultaneous shifting of all others in the compartment. "Our only respite was when the stage stopped for refreshments. . . . The food was of the sort all frontier travelers have eaten—biscuits almost green with saleratus, and meats sodden with grease, which disguised their natural flavors so completely that I often wondered what animals of the prairies were represented."

After the party reached Ruby, Nevada, the remaining hundred miles to Fort Halleck were attempted by ambulance. Even the relative comfort of this conveyance did not signify the end of Mrs. Boyd's troubles. Camping one night in the ambulance, she was rudely awakened by what seemed like a great earthquake. The prime mover of this phenomenon was discovered to be an army mule, that, having slept under the ambulance, decided early the next morning to rise in place. When that loyal creature rose up against her, Mrs. Boyd had sufficient cause for scurrying home to the East. But she persisted. Even when the ambulance later embedded itself in a massive snowdrift, she undauntedly dumped herself into an open wagon and completed the last twelve hours of her trip with falling snow as her closest companion.

Relief and excitement were conflicting emotions as the women who had traversed half a continent or more surveyed at last the frontier posts which would be their new homes. The absence of stockades at many of the posts surprised them. What they often saw looked like a trim little village built around a square. On one side of the parade ground, as the square was called, stood officers' row. It consisted of a line of small three- or four-room cottages. Not far away loomed the more imposing post commander's house. Across the parade ground and down behind some warehouses, perhaps too close to

MRS. MARGARET I. LEWIS HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK
ANSON MILLS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

both the stream bank and the cavalry stables, sprawled a collection of two-room cabins and tents. These were the quarters of the married enlisted men. In deference to the principal occupation there, the area had early achieved description as "Soapsuds Row." Somewhere along one of these two very different rows, each of the women would set up housekeeping.

Surprisingly, the elation of the newly arriving army women was not always shared by those who welcomed them. Army regulations prescribed that quarters be assigned by rank. This meant that an incoming officer or enlisted man could select for his family the quarters of anyone whom he outranked. Very often this house shuffling did not affect more than one or two families because the newcomer was replacing an individual of comparable rank who had been reassigned. But on occasion, a high-ranking officer would arrive with his family, and no officer of equal rank would leave. This situation would often prompt a chain reaction of moves.

Frances Roe, the wife of a second lieutenant at Camp Supply, Indian Territory, suffered the fate of many other wives whose husbands sported little on their epaulets. Just before noon on a June day in 1872, she was told to be out of her quarters by one o'clock that

Rifles at the ready (left), an officers' picnic near Fort Thomas, Arizona Territory. In camp (above) at Big Creek near Fort Lincoln, Dakota Territory, 1874. From left, Captain Thomas W. Custer, Elizabeth Bacon Custer, Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer, Dr. Dunbar, Mrs. Algernon E. Smith, and Mollie McIntosh.

afternoon. Lieutenant Faye Roe was detailed as Officer of the Guard, so Mrs. Roe had to move all her worldly possessions herself. She enjoyed the last laugh, however, because by the "ranking out" of her shavetail husband, six captains and first lieutenants had to give up their quarters too. Several years later, with Faye still wearing the second lieutenant bars he was to carry for twelve long years, it happened again. Assured that some scheduled arrivals would not take their quarters, the Roes had cleaned their cottage from top to bottom, painted and calcimined the walls, and hard-oiled the floors. Two hours after the arrival of the new officer, their quarters were claimed. "I can assure you," Frances wrote home, "that I am more than cross."

Even after evicting a less fortunate family, some newcomers were not entirely satisfied with what they got. Martha Summerhayes remarked about her quarters at Fort D. A. Russell in Wyoming Territory: "I did not think I could possibly live in three rooms and a kitchen. . . . I thought it an outrage." Mrs. Summerhayes had no reason to complain. She then possessed two rooms more than Lieutenant Jack Summerhayes was allotted by regulations. Typically overlooking the presence of the army women, regulations permitted only one room and a kitchen for each second or first lieutenant. Captains and chaplains were authorized a kitchen and two rooms each. At the top of the army grade structure, a lieutenant general was entitled to five rooms and a kitchen. These regulations were nothing new; the army had long recognized that those officers who were home the most needed the most room.

The problem of shelter was a small one for the female servants. Regardless of race, they were accommodated within the quarters of the family for whom they worked. Regulations provided them each with a "small common tent, old pattern" when they accompanied the troops into the field. Laundresses received the same field tentage but were sadly neglected when it came to garrison lodgings. In spite of the presence of a Soapsuds Row at almost every frontier post, after 1878 it had no official authority for existence. An act of Congress approved June 18, 1878, had rescinded the authorization of laundresses. Nevertheless, these durable souls continued to exist at the frontier posts, and they had to live somewhere. If Fort Sill, Indian Territory, was any indication, their pickings were not always very good:

ALL THREE PHOTOS KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY TOPEKA

East of the sewer outlet was "Soapsuds Row," which was a collection of huts, old tents, picket houses, and dugouts. In spite of strict regulations regarding post police, there was an air of squalor and dirt about the locality. Here lived the company laundresses, together with troops of shock-headed children, prowling curs, and scavenging chickens.

There was more to making the acquaintance of a frontier post than simply finding quarters, particularly for those women who had little knowledge of military customs. Frances Roe experienced an inordinate amount of difficulty. In a letter from Fort Lyon, Colorado Territory, she told of her welcoming dinner at the home of her husband's company commander:

It seems that in the Army, lieutenants are called "Mister" always, but all other officers must be addressed by their rank. At least that is what they tell me. But in Faye's company, the captain is called general, and the first lieutenant is called major, and as this is most confusing, I get things mixed sometimes. Most girls would. A soldier in uniform waited upon us at dinner, and that seemed so funny. I wanted to watch him all the time, which distracted me, I suppose, for once I called General Phillips "Mister"! It so happened, too, that just that instant there was not a sound in the room, so everyone heard the blunder. General Phillips straightened back in his chair, and his little son gave a smothered giggle—for which he should have been sent to bed at once. But that was not all! That soldier, who had been so dignified and stiff, put his hand over his mouth and fairly rushed from the room so he could laugh outright. And how I longed to run some place, too—but not to laugh, oh, no!

Early the next morning, Frances was awakened by a rising crescendo of fifes and drums. No sooner had she popped out of bed to rush to a dormer window than a cannon fired and frightened her so badly that she stumbled headlong across the still-dark room. The sound of bugles and the wailing of hounds that followed meant just one thing to her—Indians! In desperation she crawled to the edge of the bed and tugged at her sleep-

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Officers' quarters (upper left), Fort Larned, Kansas, in the late 1870's. (Center) Officers' row at Fort Riley in the 1880's. (Bottom) Fifth Infantry band entertains officers' row at Fort Hays, Kansas, 1869.

Frances Roe (upper right) with her dog Hal. Mrs. Roe was one of the most candid chroniclers of what it meant to be an army wife on the frontier. (Below) Margaret I. Carrington, first wife of Colonel Henry B. Carrington, commander of Fort Phil Kearny.

ing husband. Faye stirred slightly, grumbled, and told her to go back to bed. It was only reveille.

Matters of rank and reveille became of small consequence when the sobering realities of maintaining a frontier household arose. Not the least of the problems was how to keep nature out. Mollie McIntosh, married to a lieutenant in the Seventh Cavalry, found that her log quarters at Fort Abraham Lincoln permitted the wind to whistle through the walls and rattle the windows from the inside. Frances Roe's complaints from Camp Supply in 1872 were twofold: "Our kitchen is across the yard, and was a chicken house not so very long ago. . . . Our sleeping room has no canvas on the walls inside, and much of the chinking has fallen out, leaving big holes, and I never have a light in that room after dark, fearing that Indians might shoot me through those holes." The sand floors in most dwellings assisted in culturing a fringe of white toadstools along the base of each wall, and at night a veritable army of bugs marched forth from beneath the bark of the logs.

At many posts, the roofs were as porous as the walls. It was not like the laundresses to complain of such things, but the son of a washerwoman at Fort Rice in Dakota Territory remembered that the slope of the roof "was into the fort . . . and after a hard rain we'd have a leaking roof for three days." At Camp Cooke, Montana Territory, a mother discovered a stream of muddy water pouring through the roof thoroughly inundating her three-month-old son. Somewhat worse was the fright of another mother at the same post who found that a rattlesnake had descended through a hole in the roof and was about to become the unwilling plaything of her three small children.

For the wives of officers and enlisted men, furnishing these quarters became a task of the first magnitude. The long and expensive trip west precluded carrying much furniture. Frequent moves between frontier posts added yet another reason for traveling light. Within the quarters, campstools and rough soldier-made tables and chairs reposed upon equally unaesthetic fur rugs or army blankets. Very often a dining table, consisting of several planks stretched across two carpenter's horses, served variously as bed, ironing board, and general-purpose bench. For many a wife, orders to move to another post came to mean so many days to sell, give away, smash up, or burn almost everything she possessed.

Despite these inconveniences, most army women eventually agreed with what Margaret Carrington, the first

wife of the commander of ill-fated Fort Phil Kearny, had to say about brass-button homes:

> So when houses are used, one house will differ from another house in glory. The adobe, with its unplastered surface, and the dropping of dirt from the earth-covered roof, is one variety; and the log-cabin is another variety; either of which involves much ingenuity, not to say genius, as the mind struggles to give them neatness and comfort. Yet either of these soon becomes home; and its protection from summer's heat and winter's cold is often more grateful and complete than more pretending edifices of wood or brick.

The tasks of preparing meals, cleaning, watching the children, and the myriad other details inherent to officers' households fell to the servants. While some officers' wives in the Far West hired Chinese or Mexicans, the great majority of the domestics were Negro and white women imported from the East. When help was difficult to find, the women were quick to complain. "Female servants were scarce, independent, and disputant," wrote Mrs. Carrington from Fort Phil Kearny in 1866. "The few taken with families had learned that their market value for washing was above everything reasonable in a household, and that a fortune was soon to be realized by selling villainous pies to soldiers at half a dollar or more for a pie."

It was not always money the servants were after. When domestics were brought west, pretty or not, many capitulated almost immediately to the love-starved soldiers. Nevertheless, wives and officers would assemble one trainload after another, hoping somehow to keep each bevy of domestics from marrying onto Soapsuds Row. Katherine Gibson, the former Katherine Gar-

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Fort Point (left), part of the Presidio of San Francisco, showing the dubious cottages of the laundresses' quarters, 1861. (Right) Soapsuds Row at Fort Hays, Kansas, 1873.

rett, described one such attempt by thoroughly exasperated officers at one post:

> . . . the employment agencies were instructed to send only the homeliest females obtainable, and the army of knock-kneed, cross-eyed, crooked-teethed cooks and bottlewashers which hove into the garrison promised domestic security to the harassed housewives. However, their jubilance was short-lived, for, at the end of two months, every one of the freaks had landed a man. In fact, the homeliest of them all acquired a sergeant.

Negro servants were less inclined to find mates, but the severity of a Dakota winter was enough to bundle most of them back to the cotton fields. A hardy few endured the tribulations for years at a time, but eventually their loneliness would prevail: "Miss Libbie," moaned Elizabeth Custer's faithful Mary, "you has the giniral, and you don' mind whar you is so long as you has him, but you can't tell what it is for us to live in a country wha' there's no festibuls, meetin'-houses, or dances."

Although married men were not desired as recruits, the frontier army was not such a bad place for a married enlisted man — provided he had an industrious wife. A private's $13 per month met his own needs rather nicely. Food, shelter, uniform, and transportation were furnished by the government. But the additional demands of a wife and family often made it necessary for an enlisted man's wife and daughters to become laundresses. Companies were always in need of washerwomen, and it was a rare company commander who refused the request of a subordinate who sought permission to marry and thereby put another pair of hands to work in the company sinks on Soadsuds Row.

Regulations prescribed that "debts due the laundress by soldiers, for washing, will be paid, or collected at the pay-table, under the direction of the captain." With each enlisted man allotted $3.50 as a monthly clothing allowance, and with a company strength of approximately fifty men, an energetic laundress might add an additional $30 to $40 a month to the family income. Until 1878 laundresses were carried on the company roster and enjoyed the additional advantages of free rations and transportation. When a washerwoman's earnings were added to the meager entitlements of her soldier husband, the two fared well. Small wonder that many a proud sergeant was willing to relinquish his choice bunk in the barracks for married life behind the stables.

Aside from their washing chores, the laundresses had to attend to their own housekeeping. They had children of their own, plenty of them, and it was no rare sight to see a big soldier contentedly bouncing a baby or sitting by the kitchen stove while the mother was doing her share of the company wash.

But life on Soapsuds Row was not always one of thankless toil. Single laundresses shared with the female servants the affections of the enlisted men of the post. It was at the fancy balls staged by the companies that both single and married washerwomen enjoyed themselves to the fullest. With their uniformed husband or lover on one arm and an infant or two in the other, the

washers would make an entrance exceeded only by their flamboyant dancing. Chucking the tossle-headed little ones in a pile on the first sergeant's bed, they turned their energies to the matter at hand, dancing with a vengeance. Low-necked gowns and short sleeves combined to make even more pronounced their round, red arms and full figures as they wheeled around the barracks to the endless Viennese waltzes.

On a Friday night, the gaiety of such balls was more than matched on the other side of the parade ground. Violins, accordians, and other musical instruments found their way to the frontier and nowhere were they put to more regular use than for the Friday night "hops" on officers' row. Without exception, the officers' wives loved to dance. Bragged one:

> The girls East may have better music to dance by, and polished waxed floors to slip down upon, but they cannot have the excellent partners one has at an army post, and I choose the partners!
>
> The officers are excellent dancers—every one of them—and when you are gliding around, your chin, or perhaps your nose, getting a scratch now and then from a gorgeous gold epaulet, you feel as light as a feather, and imagine yourself with a fairy prince.

Band concerts, plays, receptions, horseback riding, and just plain house calls filled out the social calendar when the officers were in garrison. Then, too, did the wives receive instruction in the use of firearms. One day, Frances Roe, a good shot with a pistol, accepted the challenge of her husband to fire a Springfield rifle: "After one shot I politely refused to touch the thing again. The noise came near making me deaf for life; the big thing rudely 'kicked' me over on my back, and the bullet — I expect that ball is still on its way to Mars or perhaps the moon. This earth it certainly did not hit!"

Indians, of course, were the principal reason for target practice. Yet few army women ever had to take a shot at one. Instead, they exhibited a fascination for the red man that was only dispelled by their first visit to an Indian village. One disillusioned woman wrote home: "Well, I have seen an Indian — a number of Indians — but they were not Red Jackets, neither were they noble red men. They were simply, and only, painted, dirty, and nauseous-smelling savages!" The Indian habit of sneaking up to peek into the cottage windows did not do any more to ingratiate them. "Sometimes before you have heard a sound you will be conscious of an uncomfortable feeling, and looking around you will discover five or six Indians, large and small, peering at you through the windows, each ugly nose pressed flat against the glass!"

In the minds of the women, the Indian represented the greatest threat to their lives in the West; yet none were killed by Indians at any army post after 1861. Disease and childbirth were far more lethal. But the adversary that plagued them most incessantly from their arrival until they departed the frontier post was the monotony and tedium of garrison life. It was the boredom that bred the petty jealousies and prompted the rifts among the wives on Soapsuds or officers' rows. It was the constant inactivity that caused some wives to make nuisances of themselves by persistently attempting to join their husbands on campaign. It was the lack of anything else to do that promoted the anxious wait for the soldier with the mail to commence the rounds that marked a good day from a bad one for many women. And, it was the enforced dormancy of the post when winter's gales froze shut the quarters' doors or sandstorms blinded any soul foolish enough to venture forth onto the parade ground that caused many an army woman to envy openly those women who had not cast their lot with a soldier.

When the men were in the field on campaign, the central interest of all the women was the soldier who brought the mail. Along officers' row the wives sat pretending to sew or read. The servants polished the same windows over and over again. Soapsuds Row adopted an air of tranquility. Each pair of eyes was alert for the door of the administration office to open and yield up the next-to-most important man in the world to a waiting woman. To some, the mail would bring the ultimate news: the message that meant another cross would rise in the cemetery outside the post, the signal to a grieving family to pack their few belongings because there was no place at an army post for those who had lost the head of their household.

In time the campaign would end and the troops return to the garrison where the women had bided their time. The privations endured on the march were rewarded by tasty meals and a ready chair in which to relax and catch up on the reading. For the husbands, it was sometimes necessary to renew acquaintances with the younger children in the family. Elizabeth Custer enjoyed telling about one tired trooper who reached home late in the evening, well after his little son's bedtime. "He was awakened in the morning by the vigorous

application of a pair of little fists on his face, and an angry demand from the little fellow, accompanied by some terrible language that the youngster had learned at the cavalry stables, to 'get out of his mother's bed.' "

Even before the Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890 (the last significant encounter with the Plains Indians), many frontier posts witnessed an exodus of the men and women who had constituted the frontier army. The coming of the Spanish-American War some eight years later drew most of those still remaining in the far western posts to garrisons in the East, and the women who had made the long, lonely trek westward to join their men in earlier years made yet another long march — this time back to civilization with their men and their families. For the women, this one last march would be long remembered, and to Frances Roe it was an opportunity to justify for all time her presence with the army:

> We know, if the world does not, that the part we are to take on this march is most important. We will see that the tents are made comfortable and cheerful at every camp; that the little dinner after the weary march, the early breakfast, and the cold luncheon are each and all as dainty as camp cooking will permit. Yes, we are sometimes called "camp followers," but we do not mind—it probably originated with some envious old bachelor officer. We know all about the comfort and cheer that goes with us, and then—we have not been left behind!

Indeed they had not been left behind; and no doubt, too, they had made life at a frontier garrison less onerous for those who wore the army blue. General William T. Sherman was the highest ranking American officer who considered the presence of the gentle sex to be a stabilizing and healthy influence; but it was General Philippe Regis Denis de Keredern de Trobriand, a commander of several posts on the frontier, who paid the women their supreme compliment:

> The American women have indeed true breeding; courage in danger, constancy in sacrifices, resignation under privations, abnegation in their devotion, seem to be inherent virtues in their character. No one could adapt oneself more resolutely to circumstances, accommodate oneself better to adventures, nor brave with such humor the harshness of military life upon the frontier.

Revised Regulations for the Army of the United States, 1861 (Philadelphia, 1861), *Revised United States Army Regulations of 1861 with an Appendix Containing the Changes and Laws Affecting Army Regulations and Articles of War to June 25, 1863* (Washington, 1863), and *Regulations of the Army of the United States and General Orders in Force on the 17th of February, 1881* (Washington, 1881) comprise the principal framework for this article. Around this structure are woven the experiences of numerous army women. The longer quotations were drawn from Frances M. A. Roe, *Army Letters from an Officer's Wife* (New York, 1909), Katherine Gibson Fougera, *With Custer's Cavalry* (Caldwell, Idaho, 1940), Margaret I. Carrington, *Ab-Sa-Ra-Ka* (Philadelphia, 1890), and Martha Summerhayes, *Vanished Arizona, Recollections of my Army Life* (Chicago, 1939). No story about the women would be complete without the male viewpoint, and here it is represented by George A. Forsyth, *The Story of the Soldier* (New York, 1900) and Milo M. Quaife (ed.), *Army Life in Dakota, Selections from the Journal of Philippe Regis Denis de Keredern de Trobriand* (Chicago, 1941). Particularly useful accounts of western posts are W. S. Nye, *Carbine & Lance, The Story of Old Fort Sill* (Norman, Oklahoma, 1957), Leroy R. Hafen and Francis Marion Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834–1890* (Glendale, California, 1938), and Ray H. Mattison, "The Army Post on the Northern Plains, 1865–1885," *Nebraska History*, XXXV (Mar. 1954).

School Days

BY MILTON E. SHATRAW

"Way back when" was in 1907 on my father's ranch in northwestern Montana. The school was a twelve-by-twenty-foot log cabin with a lean-to in back for storing firewood. It stood alone with its two one-holers in a one-acre, barbed-wire-fenced yard. To the west towered the Rocky Mountains of Glacier National Park. Eastward, forty miles away, were the blue outlines of the Sweet Grass Hills. To the north and south the rolling prairie stretched to the horizon.

In my preschool days I was familiar with the building only as a sort of public gathering place. I had been there with my parents to dances and box socials and Christmas entertainments. The Supreme Court decision against introducing religion into the schoolroom being some fifty years in the future, I even attended my first church service there, which, incidentally, was conducted by a wandering priest from one of the Catholic missions in that area.

One night I sat with my family and the two ranch hands around the kitchen table. All eyes were on the living room door. At last it was pushed slowly open and there she stood — smiling, blue eyes, golden hair, fashionable clothes — the new teacher. I was six, and instantly and hopelessly in love. And tomorrow was to be my first day of school.

Most of our teachers came from some mysterious place called "back East." They stayed at our ranch and lived with us as a member of the family, helping my mother during their spare time and sharing all our activities, even our affection. At least this particular girl did. Perhaps it was she who sparked me with the love of books and interest in learning which I have had ever since she took me by the hand and led me across the prairie to school.

Having the teacher live with us had other advantages, too, as well as the disadvantage of having to be on our good behavior more of the time than most kids. For example, I was never scolded for being late to school. If we were late, so was she. Books were scarce on the ranches, and if anyone were apt to have an extra one we might borrow, it was the teacher. My father, too, reaped one of the benefits since the best ranch hands for miles around practically stood in line waiting for the opportunity to work and live so near the new schoolma'am.

The school was about a mile from our ranch, straight

across the prairie. There was no road, not even a path. My mother, after seeing that we were dressed appropriately for the weather, would hand us our five-pound lard pails filled with lunch and head us due north. If we did not stray, the small building would soon rise up on the horizon to guide us the rest of the way.

Building a school in those days was a community effort. One rancher would donate the land. Another or several of the others would haul logs from the pine forests farther up the mountains and dump them on the site. Then various ranch hands who were handy with tools would erect the building and fence the yard to keep the range cattle at a distance.

Inside, the walls were of undressed logs, notched at the corners and chinked with mortar. The roof was of wide boards laid across the roof timbers. These boards were boxed off at the eaves to hold on the sixteen inches or so of dirt piled over them. This made an excellent roof — in dry weather. But during spells of persistent rain, the water seeped through, and our periods of study and recitation were interrupted by frequent dashes from one spot to another to escape a muddy shower bath.

The floor was also slightly unorthodox in that most of the floorboards failed to reach quite to the wall, leaving a gap of several inches around the edge of the room. In winter the snow drifted up under this gap, and a snowbank lined the walls, sometimes for days, until the wood fire in the sheet-iron stove would gain the upper hand and melt it away. The stove was located in the center of the room and the desks placed as closely around it as the heat would allow, and since we kept on all our outdoor clothing except mittens and caps during severe cold spells, the scent of scorched leather and overheated wool pervaded the school most

The "new" school, constructed of real lumber and sheathed in respectable white clapboards. The author is second from left.

MILTON F. SHATRAW

of the winter months. In spring and fall, a trip to the privy was something of a field excursion and enjoyed to the limit of the teacher's patience. But in winter, nothing but dire necessity drove us to those snowbound outhouses.

Since conformity as we know it in our school systems today had not yet been invented, each new teacher was allowed to use whatever methods she liked best, and we became quite flexible in adjusting to different ways of doing the same thing. I remember one teacher from Montreal being highly criticized, however, for using her Canadian textbooks. But for the most part there was little interference from outside; in fact, my father, who was a trustee and who was self-educated and well-read beyond the rest of his neighbors, was the only one I ever remember visiting school. The teacher at that time, a favorite among her students, loved to read and would stretch the noon and recess periods out longer and longer to allow herself time to get on with her book, until gradually the actual school sessions had practically disappeared. My father, riding by the school one day and seeing all of us out in the school yard playing at two o'clock in the afternoon, grew suspicious and decided to call on the teacher. School became a little more formal after that.

Transportation and traffic problems were of little concern in those days, the only traffic hazard being the wild range cattle which did not always take kindly to pedestrians. But we learned not to roam too far from the barbed-wire line fence which separated our land from the open range, and instinct told us how to use it judiciously if we saw a wandering band of unfriendly animals approaching. And only the very worst kind of weather would get us a ride in a bobsled or democrat wagon. My father would go to the door on a wild snowy or rainy morning and look out and say, "I've got a big day today. I guess you can make it." And he was right. We always did, but not without sometimes thinking that we were treated worse than the animals he spent so much time caring for.

Another aspect of the modern educational system which the ranchers did not have to worry about was government interference — federal, state, county, or town. There was no state aid, no regents exams, no intelligence tests. Even the collection of school taxes was no mean accomplishment and had to be done by the interested parties. Surrounding ranchers took the attitude of "Let them as has kids, educate them."

In 1909 my parents and a few of our neighboring ranchers decided we needed a bigger and better school. I remember their efforts to raise enough money and to convince some of the people that a new school was needed. The ties of friendship were badly strained in

Family and a ranch hand leisurely pose in front of the log house built by the author's father near Dupuyer, Montana.

many instances. The most effective arguments in favor of a new school were not its educational facilities but its use for community affairs. To remind the neighboring bachelor ranchers of the advantages for meeting the schoolma'am and the few unattached females in the area was the best way to bring forth a yes vote.

But at last the needed few thousand dollars was collected. Because it was to be a no-expense-spared job, a *real* carpenter from the town of Valier, twenty-five miles away, was hired to come with his helper and stay at the ranch until the work was finished. The schoolhouse was started late in the fall, so by the time it was completed we were well into one of our early and sometimes violent Montana winters.

But there was our schoolhouse — a building twice the size of the old log school, constructed of real lumber, and sheathed in respectable white clapboards. There was even a small cupola on top, there just for effect. Inside, the matched wainscoating reached the ceiling and was covered with two coats of dazzling white-gloss paint. The new blackboard covered the entire wall back of the teacher's desk, and the new extra-large sheet-iron stove dominated the opposite end of the room. The crowning glory of it all was a big seven-day pendulum clock with "Regulator" painted in gold on its glass door.

This fancy clock replaced the nickel-plated alarm clock on the teacher's desk set with its back to the students who sometimes entertained strong suspicions about the length of recess and the times of dismissal.

A great combination dance and box social was planned to dedicate the new school. For weeks the womenfolk had worked decorating with ribbons and colored paper the lunch baskets that were to be auctioned off to start raising the money for the pump organ which my mother and the teacher already had picked out in the Montgomery Ward catalogue. Ranch hands had bought new levis, brightly colored flannel shirts and — their one concession to fashion — brilliant silk neckerchiefs. The neckerchief served a dual purpose. Besides being a reflection of the male ego, it was used to alleviate the shortage of ladies at the dances. Women on the ranches were outnumbered by men ten to one, and by tying their bandanas on their left arm, the men chosen to become the female dance partners were easily designated as such.

The big day finally arrived, and with it, the worst storm of the year! The wind blew with hurricane force, driving the snow in blinding clouds across the face of the prairie. There was a steady, low-pitched roar accompanied by the hissing sound of ice crystals hitting against and sliding over and around each other. The ranch families spent the day watching the weather, their hopes rising with every lull in the wind, only to be dashed down with each new and more furious blast of snow-filled wind. By dusk all sensible people had abandoned plans for the party.

The new school had been built down the valley from our ranch within a few hundred yards of my uncle's ranch house. That morning I had been sent to his place on some errand, but, as the fury of the storm increased, my aunt was afraid to send me home and decided I should stay the night. So it was from her window that I had gazed most of the afternoon and from which I had turned reluctantly when she mentioned it was time to think about bed.

Just then the sound of barking dogs and shouting came from down by the bunkhouse. Outside was a bobsled filled with hay and blankets and a half dozen young folks from the ranches upstream who had somehow made it through the storm and who were ready for a fight if the dance did not go on as planned.

So, in spite of the weather, the delay, the disappointment of the day, four young ranch girls, one middle-aged aunt and uncle, one proud carpenter with his helper, eight or ten ranch hands — and one eight-year-old boy — had a ball.

The wind blew down the chimney until the smoke and flames flared out of every crack and cranny of the new sheet-iron stove, the snow swished around the corners and eaves, the oil lamps flickered in their brackets, but the dance went on to the tune of two mouth organs and the beat of a high-heeled cowboy boot on the floor. At midnight coffee and sandwiches were served, and the new school was duly dedicated. For me, the celebration could not have been more wonderful.

In 1911 we sold our ranch and went to live in the city of Helena. There, at the age of ten, I began a more formal but perhaps not so well-rounded education. Scholastically those four years must have given me a fairly good foundation, for I entered the fifth grade with others of my age and had no difficulty in keeping up with them. In preparation for life, what I had gained in that one-room schoolhouse was considerable and included some things that youngsters of today do not always seem to get.

The Legacy of the Middle Ages in the American Wild West

ORIGINAL COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING FROM THE COLLECTION OF WARREN C. SHEARMAN

BY LYNN WHITE, JR.

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A blind spot in the study of the history of the United States is failure to recognize our detailed and massive continuity with the European Middle Ages. One reason for this is our angle of vision. The very vocal New England school of historians naturally has emphasized Puritanism as the basic stratum in our national ideology. Unfortunately, however, we have accepted at face value the Puritan's self-image as a rebel against all that the Middle Ages had stood for. But if we change our stance and look at the Reformation not from the twentieth but from the eleventh century, it appears very different: Protestantism becomes the culmination—or the *reductio ad absurdum*, depending on one's presuppositions—of the most powerful religious tendencies of the later Middle Ages: an erosion of the distinction between the "religious" and the secular life; a reaction against the institutionalization of religion; a new individuation and inwardness of piety. St. Bernard, St. Francis, William of Ockham, and Gerhard Groote are direct ancestors of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards.[1]

Indeed, a good case could be made for the thesis that today the United States is closer to the Middle Ages than is Europe. Many of the more thoughtful among the early immigrants from Britain disliked Stuart efforts to centralize political authority. In their new home they established loose-jointed late-mediaeval communities in defiance of the "modernizing" tendencies in the motherland, and at the end of the eighteenth century mediaeval pluralism became the cornerstone of our Constitution. We Americans greatly puzzle Europeans, including Britons, because whereas every European state assumes absolute sovereignty, even over religion, we are still happily mediaeval in political concepts and deliberately splinter sovereignty quite minutely. The central issue in American domestic politics at the present time is whether, or the extent to which, our mediaeval legacy of pluralism is still viable.

Because Latin America was not affected internally by the Reformation and because it experienced a colonial society established almost on a feudal basis, it has been easier for scholars to the south of us to recognize the continuity and vigor of the mediaeval tradition in their nations. The Mexican historian Luis Weckmann has asserted that

> the Middle Ages found their last expression on this side of the Atlantic, where, after the termination of the mediaeval period in Europe, an appropriate setting for the development of mediaeval ideals existed for an extended period in the Spanish New World while, contemporarily in Europe, the Religious Reformation and the so-termed Italian Renaissance were causing the abandonment of the essentials that sustained mediaeval Christendom.[2]

Most of us Americans would doubtless accept such a view, but it would merely confirm our feeling that whereas colonial Latin America was a transplant of the wilting Middle Ages to a new soil which briefly lent fresh vigor to it, the contrast of our own colonial and frontier experience indicates that on this northern continent the key to understanding is breach with the Middle Ages rather than continuity. The most famous of contemporary Mexican historians, Edmondo O'Gorman, agrees: to him, colonial Ibero-America was a mimesis of Europe, whereas, to the north, European modes of life were adapted to new conditions. "Latin America," he writes a bit wistfully, "was never a frontier land in the sense of dynamic transformation that has been given to that term by American historians ever since Frederick Jackson Turner."[3]

Surely, however, the critique of Turner's fertile hypothesis over the past seventy years has gone far enough so that we can no longer (to use the Toynbeean jargon) regard the frontier as "challenge" and American life as "response." By far the larger part of a man's ecology is what is inside his skull: a new external problem rarely begets an authentically novel solution. And what was the mental, emotional, and technical equipment in the heads of the men and women who swept the frontier westward?

Obviously the American pioneers took with them, willy-nilly, elements drawn from every epoch of the past. George H. Williams of the Harvard Divinity School, for example, has recently shown[4] how the attitudes of Americans toward their own western wilderness were significantly shaped by the ancient Hebrew nostalgic idealization of the forty years spent in the desert between Egypt and Palestine. Transmitted and refined by Church Fathers and mediaeval ascetics, elaborated by mystics and especially by the radical Anabaptist wing of the Reformation which had so many adherents on our frontier, the notion that the wilderness is not merely a dread place of struggle and suffering but also an arena in which spiritual perfection may be won—a land where "men are men"—has played a great part in American life and emotion. Indeed, without this curious, historically conditioned affirmation of wilderness, rooted in three thousand years of a specialized religious tradition, it is

doubtful whether the American wilderness would have been conquered and settled so quickly.

Yet, admitting that our frontiersmen, whether they knew it or not, were heirs to the ages, they were particularly beneficiaries of the Middle Ages. Their essential equipment was very largely the culture of the mediaeval lower classes. Few who crossed the ocean to the English colonies were educated or prosperous. We are a nation descended overwhelmingly from peasants and artisans fleeing the crushing burden of the European Establishment.

The Middle Ages were far from monolithic. Wat Tyler's followers who in 1381 demanded the abolition of the clerical and feudal aristocracy were no less men of the Middle Ages than were the overlords whom they detested. When our ancestors thwarted the establishment of bishops in the North American colonies, and when they sabotaged all efforts to transfer seignorial regimes across the Atlantic, they stood stoutly in the tradition of the mediaeval proletariat.

Despite its remarkably high general level of erudition, American study of the Middle Ages today, like most of that in Europe as well, has little relation to the totality of the Middle Ages as they once existed. Our mediaeval scholarship is still heavily tinctured by nineteenth-century Romanticism which was compelled by its own psychic necessities to invent a Middle Ages which never existed but which had to be created as a weapon in polemic. The most remarkable book produced in the United States purporting to talk about the Middle Ages, Henry Adams' *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres,* tells us nothing believable about the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but is a document fundamental for understanding the trauma of Boston in the generation following our Civil War.[5]

Part of the legacy of Romanticism in our present mediaeval studies is disregard for the nine-tenths of the population who worked with their hands, and for their concerns and creativity. Feudalism and the hierarchical church, scholastic debates and the aubades of troubadors, had never been the business of the lower classes; nor did they share in the slightest degree the classicizing enthusiasms of the Renaissance. Yet it was these horny-handed plowmen and craftsmen who populated our continent in a vast differential migration which—in sharp contrast to Latin America[6]—left the nobility, the bishops and abbots on the east of the ocean. When this rabble struck into the wilderness they generally followed mediaeval patterns of action because those were the patterns that they knew.

A symbol of the situation is the way they built houses. Until recently we assumed that the log cabin was such an "obvious," sturdy, and easily constructed sort of shelter that it appeared by spontaneous generation when Jamestown was settled or when the Pilgrims stepped ashore. But now, we know[7] that nothing of the sort happened. The first English settlers, as quickly as possible, built beam-and-plank houses exactly like those in the Old Country, including the second-story overhangs so appropriate to the crowded walled cities of the later Middle Ages. The log cabin was introduced to the shores of Delaware Bay by the Swedes among whom it was an inherited mediaeval form of construction, but at first it did not spread among the other colonists who had variant traditions. In the eighteenth century, Germans and Swiss brought slightly different forms of mediaeval log cabins to the Middle Colonies; toward the end of the century the Scotch-Irish immigrants picked up the idea and made the log cabin the typical frontier house from the Piedmont to the Pacific.

The lesson is clear. There is very little creative adaptation to new circumstances. Originality is rare. What the American frontiersman did was to select, and gradually to elaborate, useful elements in the highly diversified mediaeval tradition which he took for granted.

I must emphasize that, although of course the Middle Ages had built upon Antiquity, most of what he took with him into the West was in fact mediaeval. If Seneca, a Spaniard who thought that one could sail west to find *novos orbes,*[8] had persuaded his pupil Nero to anticipate Isabella's patronage of Columbus, Roman pioneers would have penetrated the American wilderness with an equipment vastly inferior to that which was later avail-

THE AMERICAN WEST *wishes to thank Professor Lynn White and* SPECULUM *magazine for permission to reprint "The Legacy of the Middle Ages in the American Wild West." Professor White's concepts regarding*

able. Let me offer a few deliberately random illustrations of the mediaeval legacy in our Wild West.

Consider, for example, overland transport, a matter crucial for the arid half of our country where few rivers are navigable. The Romans had an adequate harness for oxen, but, for reasons which are not clear, they seldom harnessed teams in tandem.[9] Their harness for horses and mules was incredibly inefficient. As a result Roman wagons were small and light. The two-wheeled *carpentum* and four-wheeled *pilentum* both had arched cloth canopies[10] which seem to adumbrate the Conestoga wagon which became the prime symbol of the American West, but the reality was very different. While on the American frontier prairie schooners were often drawn by oxen, horses were greatly preferred, and the real ancestor of the Conestoga wagon, the *longa caretta* of the early twelfth century, capable of carrying many persons and heavy loads of goods, did not develop until three other mediaeval inventions related to horse traction laid the basis for it.[11]

technology and social history (as expressed in his recent book, MEDIEVAL TECHNOLOGY AND SOCIAL CHANGE, *1962) have given rise to much discussion among medieval historians and contributed to his lively reputation.*

The first of these was the modern harness, consisting of a padded collar and lateral traces or shafts. The earliest example in Europe is found in a miniature of *ca.* 800 A.D. It enabled a team of horses to pull between four and five times the load which they could manage with the Roman harness. The second improvement was the nailed horseshoe which appears in the 890's and which greatly increased the staying power of a horse. The third invention was the whippletree, the earliest certain evidence of which is a detail in the border of the Bayeux Tapestry,[12] now generally dated not later than 1077. Because a furrow is kept straight, a horse could probably plow without a whippletree, but he could not do heavy hauling. If the traces are attached directly to the load, a left turn puts the whole strain on the right trace, and vice versa, risking breaking the harness and upsetting the wagon. The whippletree, a grubby but important element in the history of land transport, is a rod to the tips of which the rear ends of the traces are attached, and which itself is linked, at its center, to the middle of the front of the wagon. It thus equalizes the pull and greatly increases both efficiency and safety. With these three elements—horse-collar, horseshoe, and whippletree—the big wagon became feasible. In the early twelfth century it appears[13] in essentially the form which came to dominate the American West in the Conestoga wagon.

Or, ponder the genetic history of the stagecoaches which were so spectacular a part of life in the Wild West before the golden spike, driven at Promontory, linked the oceans with rails. In 1857 James Gould of Albany, New York, built one hundred coaches for the Butterfield Overland Mail which ran between Missouri and California. Just as the contemporary clipper ships were the culmination of the art of sail, so Gould's coaches exhibit ultimate beauty of functional simplicity.[14] Since without springs speed is unendurable for any considerable distance over rutted and pot-holed roads, the essence of the coach is a suspended body. The first coach had generally been ascribed to the sixteenth century until, in 1959, Margery N. Boyer of Brooklyn College called attention to a remarkably detailed picture of a coach in a manuscript illuminated in southeastern Germany between 1330 and 1350:[15] the canopied body (seemingly of wicker) seats at least six persons and is suspended on straps attached to vertical springs rising from the two axles. Here we have the basic features of the Butterfield coaches, except mechanical brakes. That this fourteenth-century coach traveled rapidly is made clear by the fact that on its rear is perched a man with bagpipes to clear the road ahead and sound a warning as crossroads are approached: the ancestor of the coach horn and, eventually, of the automobile horn.

So sophisticated an equipage must have had cruder antecedents. The sole, but significant, scrap of evidence thus far located was published in 1775—a time much concerned with coaching—by the English antiquarian Joseph Strutt, but has been forgotten since then. The British Museum holds an Anglo-Saxon manuscript of the first half of the eleventh century containing Aelfric's paraphrase of the *Heptateuch*, lavishly illuminated. At one point Joseph, now Prime Minister of Egypt, is going out to greet his aged father Jacob who has come down from Canaan.[16] Joseph rides in a strange vehicle which,

as Strutt remarks, "from the simplicity of it, . . . may justly enough be esteemed as the first invention of coaches":[17] it has four wheels; each axle bears a single vertical spring with a hook; and between these hooks is suspended a hammock in which Joseph sits. Here, surely, is the germinal idea of the coach which was to reach full bloom and to die in the American West eight centuries later.

A generation ago our thinking about how pioneers mastered the Great Plains was revolutionized by the down-to-earth insights of Walter Prescott Webb of the University of Texas. Others had written of Manifest Destiny, international territorial conflicts, and the like. Webb looked at the matter with the eyes and concerns of the frontiersmen themselves, and pointed to a trinity of gadgets which were fundamental to the speedy success of the process: the revolver, barbed wire, and the windmill.[18] Each of these was an elaboration of the mediaeval legacy.

Gunpowder appeared in Europe by about 1260 in firecrackers and rockets, and by 1327 cannon had been developed.[19] The first firearms were so heavy and cumbersome that about one hundred years passed before military technicians began to make proposals, of slowly increasing practicality, for smaller guns which could be handled on horseback.[20] The problem of reloading while astride a horse long made the pistol a dubious weapon. Indeed, reloading any kind of gun in the heat of battle was difficult, and Colt's patent of revolving chambers has a line of ancestry reaching into the early fifteenth century:[21] it would seem that everyone who designed firearms tried his hand at multiple-loading, quick-firing guns. It is the measure of Colt's genius that he cracked a problem which had been under active discussion since the later Middle Ages, and which by the seventeenth century had already produced at least one hand-gun with a single barrel and a rotary set of chambers.[22] When he solved it, Colt's first customers were the Texas Rangers, who, on the basis of their frontier experience, made suggestions for further improving his six-shooter.

What about barbed wire? Wire has been used since the beginnings of metallurgy, but for millennia it was forged. The first great improvement, the drawplate, appears in a famous treatise on craftsmanship written in 1122-23 by a German Benedictine, Theophilus.[23] The second major innovation was the application of water-power to wire-drawing. In 1540 the Italian metallurgical engineer Biringuccio gives us a clear picture of powered wire-drawing machinery and tells us that heavy iron wire, as distinct from that in softer metals, could be drawn only with the aid of waterpower.[24] Despite earlier claims, I have not yet seen firm evidence of a wire mill before 1489-94 when the young Dürer produced a watercolor of quite a large one, and explicitly labeled it.[25] Smooth iron wire was therefore available in quantities before America was settled. It remained for our Midwest to add the barbs.

The horizontal-axle windmill was invented just before 1185 in the North Sea region, and quickly became common in the areas from which the majority of our first immigrants came.[26] Webb neglected to mention that since the windmill of the Great Plains was almost exclusively a pumping device drawing water from a considerable depth, its effectiveness on our frontier depended on combining it with another mediaeval invention, the suction pump. Antiquity knew only force pumps. The suction pump is first found in the notebook of a Siennese engineer, Jacopo Mariano Taccola, dating from the 1440's.[27] Thus all three of Webb's dominant frontier inventions are extensions of mediaeval traditions into a new environment.

"In the early twelfth century, the big wagon appears in essentially the form which came to dominate the American West in the Conestoga wagon."

The distorted and fragmentary image of the mediaeval world which is today current among educated men and women prevents many from recognizing the vast accumulation of things on the American frontier (and, indeed, around us still) which had their roots in the ingenuity and adaptability of the common people of the Middle Ages. One can point out that a cowboy's stirrups appeared in Europe in the eighth century and his jingling rowel spurs in the late thirteenth:[28] they still don't seem "mediaeval" to those who have listened only to the voices of the small minority of feudal and clerical aristocrats during those protean centuries, and who have never suspected the surge and sweep of the life of the masses of mankind whose concern was neither ruling nor praying, but working. Yet we Americans are biologically

descended from those peasants and craftsmen, and we have no reason to disprize them.

I have spoken of the legacy of the Middle Ages in the Wild West primarily in terms of gadgetry, and our rough and practical ancestors would have approved this approach. Nevertheless, more than gadgetry is involved: unconscious mediaeval patterns of preference dominated the American frontier.

David Belasco, born and reared in San Francisco, concentrated the stereotypes of the gold rush of '49 in his melodrama, *The Girl of the Golden West*, which so caught Puccini's imagination that he made a mediocre opera out of it. Minnie, the Girl, runs a saloon on the Mother Lode. Does she serve the miner's wine? Not at all: that would represent the Roman stratum of our history. Do they drink beer? Not at all: that goes back at least to the ancient Celts and Germans, although it may be noted that we have no word of the use of hops, with their remarkable antibiotic properties for preservation of beer, until St. Isidore of Seville.[29] The only beverage for a '49er miner was strictly mediaeval: whiskey. The distillation of alcohol was invented in Italy, from a wine base, in the twelfth century.[30] Its first use was medicinal, and the new liquid was called *aqua vitae*, "water of life," doubtless because its ability to preserve meat from putrefaction was early noted. Since the flesh of each of us is so dismally subject to decay, it quickly seemed prudent to many people to take their medicine regularly. Wine being scarce in the northern regions, the fermented grain malt used for beer was being distilled in Bohemia by 1420.[31] Such boreal *aqua vitae* was being made in Scotland certainly by the last decade of the fifteenth century,[32] and the Latin name was translated into Gaelic as *usquebaugh*, or whiskey. When the Scotch-Irish reached Pennsylvania, they brought their mediaeval arts with them and extrapolated them with the invention of corn and rye whiskey, and (once over the Appalachians) of bourbon. Minnie's saloon is unintelligible apart from the Middle Ages.

"All three of Webb's dominant frontier inventions, the revolver, barbed wire, and the windmill, are extensions of mediaeval traditions into a new environment."

Not knowing that he is a stagecoach robber, Minnie falls in love with a handsome stranger. He is wounded during a robbery, staggers to her shack to seek protection and she hides him. The dastardly sheriff (a mediaeval title), who lusts for her, follows a track of blood to her door and finds the miscreant hidden. Minnie, a woman of parts, offers to gamble with the sheriff for her honor and her lover's life. Do they throw dice? Not at all: that would have been old Roman. It is characteristic of frontier mediaevalism that they gamble with cards, a fourteenth-century innovation.[33] Minnie wins the game by cheating: surreptitiously she draws three aces and a pair out of her garter. No Roman ever saw a garter, but about 1348 Edward III of England founded an order of chivalry on one: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*!

Minnie has won; her lover is momentarily spared and escapes. But the miners capture him and decide that he must pay for his crimes.

Men may be killed in many ways. In most societies, however, there are clear rubrics for execution, a tradition of propriety as to the forms of killings committed by the group, which the group feels deeply impelled to follow, perhaps, because to follow them makes the past share the guilt of the execution. To know the subliminal mind of a society, one must study the sources of its liturgies of inflicting death.

Throughout the American Wild West the rubric for execution was single and uniform: hanging by a rope. In Greco-Roman times hanging with a rope or cincture was common as a means of suicide: one recalls Jocasta and Judas. But it is important for understanding any society to distinguish the customs of suicide from those of execution as well as from the rubrics of human sacrifice.

The dismal history of execution has seldom distinguished clearly the various modes of "hanging"—impalement, crucifixion, suspension by the neck in the crotch of a tree, or by a rope—and contemporary accounts are normally ambiguous. All biblical references to hanging appear to indicate exposure of the impaled corpse after execution, or else crucifixion.[34] Execution by suspended strangulation was not practiced by Greeks or Romans in pagan times. The suppression of crucifixion, presumably by Constantine, because of religious sensibility, left a void in the Roman repertory of execution which still existed at the promulgation of the Theodisian *Code* in 438, but which had been filled by 533 when Justinian's

Digest systematically substituted *furca* for *crux*.[35]

The *furca* was a post with the fork of two branches at the top. The culprit was hoisted so that his neck was placed in the fork, a piece of wood (*vinculum patibuli*) was nailed behind his head across the fork, and he was left to strangle. Since there is no oriental or classical precedent for such a manner of execution, and since *gabalus*, a synonym for *furca*, is derived (as is the German *Gabel*) from Celtic,[36] the new rubric probably came from the north. Tacitus tell us that the Germans hanged traitors and cowards from trees,[37] presumably *furcae*. The *furca*, rather than the noose, was used for hanging criminals in the Frankish realm.[38]

The first clear evidence of hanging with a rope comes in Orosius' fifth-century account of how, in 105 B.C., the victorious Cimbri, a tribe out of Denmark, smashed all the arms and armor which they had captured and hanged all the prisoners in nooses from trees.[39] The many finds of deliberately twisted and broken weapons in the Baltic region indicate clearly that this destruction and slaughter was an offering to the gods. In later centuries among the pagan Scandinavians, hanging with a rope was a highly specialized rubric of human sacrifice to the god Odin. Bodies of hanged victims have been found buried, according to Norse custom, in peat bogs with the noose still around the neck.[40] That they were hanged and not simply strangled is known from two pictures: first, a man hanged from a tree next to an altar, shown on a stone from Hammars in Lärbro (Gotland), *ca.* 700;[41] second, six men hanging from a pair of sacred trees, shown on a tapestry of the ninth century found in the Oseberg ship burial.[42] Even in the later eleventh century, Adam of Bremen tells us that a Christian who visited the great shrine at Uppsala counted seventy-two bodies of men, horses, and hounds hanged as sacrifices on the trees of the temple grove.[43]

Although the suicide of Judas with a rope had been represented since the fifth century,[44] there is no depiction in Christian art of an execution by hanging with a rope until the first half of the eleventh century when two appear. One, by a strange coincidence, is in the same manuscript of Aelfric in which we found the rudiments of the coach.[45] The other is in the Roda Bible[46] from Catalonia. Thereafter, such representations are common. Most fascinating is an Italian miniature of *ca.* 1130 40: six men are hoisting a victim with a rope around his neck, but the rope passes not over the beam of a gallows but over the horizontal rod, already nailed in place, across the fork of a *furca*.[47] Clearly, the artist knows in detail, perhaps from pictures, what a *furca* had looked like, but he no longer knows how it was used: within his horizon the transition to the new mode of public execution was complete.

Since the Viking age was a time of great flux in Scandinavia, it appears that by the tenth century the old line dividing sacrifice from penal execution was crumbling, at least among outlying Norse groups: in 922, Ibn Fadlän explicitly mentions the rope hanging of thieves among the Swedes on the Volga.[48] As for the West, the conversion of Danes, Norwegians, and Icelanders to Christianity about the year 1000, at a moment when Norse influences were pervading much of Europe, probably secularized the Viking technique of human sacrifice and made it widely available as a rubric of execution. The persistent mediaeval conviction that the oak was a good tree for hanging and that gallows should be built of oak — "Eichbaum gibt gut Galgen"[49] — has nothing to do with the tensile strength of wood. The oak was so widely regarded as numenous that we can scarcely escape the conclusion that late mediaeval rope hanging was religious in its origins. When, about 1060, the enraged Duke William of Normandy swore to hang a recalcitrant abbot "ad altiorem quercum vicinae silvae,"[50] his pagan Norse ancestors may have been speaking more loudly than he knew.

"The oak was so widely regarded as numenous that we can scarcely escape the conclusion that late mediaeval rope hanging was religious in its origins."

Where does all this grisly antiquarianism lead us? Whatever its more remote sources — and doubtless, in time, these will be further clarified — the rubric of hanging with a rope was not generally accepted in Europe until the eleventh century. Thereafter it was dominant. The lynching parties of the American Wild West stood in this later mediaeval tradition.

Lest any of my readers remain apprehensive about the fate of the tenor *La Fanciulla del West*, Minnie talks the boys out of it.

History is a means of access to ourselves. If we Americans are to understand ourselves and our nation, we must ponder the American tradition in its widest context. It is obvious that influences and ideas, as well as people, have flowed constantly in both directions across the Atlantic ever since our settlement began. But it is not enough to include contemporary Europe in our thinking about our past. Equally with Europeans, we Americans are heirs of the Middle Ages. Nor is this vivid legacy from the Middle Ages more intensive on the eastern seaboard than on a cattle ranch in Nevada: as Julian Bishko of the University of Virginia has shown,[51] the world of the American buckaroo is descended in detail from that of the *vaquero* of the high plains of mediaeval Spain. To comprehend ourselves as Americans we must recover, and relate ourselves to, our deeper past, the Middle Ages.

"The only beverage for a '49er was strictly mediaeval: whiskey; and it is characteristic that they gambled with cards, a fourteen-century innovation."

[1] See my "The Significance of Medieval Christianity," in *The Vitality of the Christian Tradition*, ed. G. F. Thomas (New York, 1944), pp. 87–115.

[2] "The Middle Ages in the Conquest of America," SPECULUM, XXVI (1951), 130; cf. "La edad media en Mexico," in his *Panorama de la cultura medieval* (Mexico, 1962), pp. 7–19; also C. Sanchez-Albornoz, "La edad media y la empresa de America," in *España y el Islam* (Buenos Aires, 1943), pp. 181–99, who considers colonial Latin America the "hija póstuma del medioevo hispano;" C. J. Bishko, "The Iberian Background of Latin American History: Recent Progress and Continuing Problems," *Hispanic American Historical Review*, XXXVI (1956), 50–80. Lewis Mumford, *The City in History* (New York, 1961), p. 330, is one of the few North Americans to share Weckmann's view that "In the New World . . . the medieval order renewed itself, as it were, by colonization." Mumford, p. 332, emphasizes the mediaevalism of the settlement plan of the New England village and its challenge to "the anti-democratic assumptions of the new baroque order."

[3] L. O'Gorman, *The Invention of America* (Bloomington, 1961), p. 142.

[4] *Wilderness and Paradise in Christian Thought* (New York, 1962), pp. 98–157.

[5] L. White, Jr., "Dynamo and Virgin Reconsidered," *The American Scholar*, XXVII (1958), 183–94.

[6] Needless to say, proletarians with their full technical and mental equipment formed the bulk of Iberian colonial migration as well: cf. G. M. Foster, *Culture and Conquest: America's Spanish Heritage* (New York, 1960).

[7] H. R. Shurtleff, *The Log Cabin Myth*, ed. S. E. Morison (Cambridge, Mass., 1939), pp. 209–14.

[8] *Medea*, lines 375–79, in *Seneca's Tragedies*, ed. and tr. F. J. Miller (London, 1927), I, 260.

[9] Cf. L. White, Jr., *Medieval Technology and Social Change* (Oxford, 1962), pp. 42, 45, 153.

[10] A. L. Abaecherli, "Fercula, Carpenta and Tensae in the Roman Procession," *Bollettino dell' Associazione Internazionale Studi Mediterranei*, VI (1935–36), 6.

[11] White, *op. cit.*, pp. 57–61.

[12] *The Bayeux Tapestry*, ed. Sir F. Stenton (New York, 1957), plate 12; p. 11 for date.

[13] White, *op. cit.*, pp. 66–67.

[14] See the structural diagram in R. P. and M. B. Conkling, *The Butterfield Overland Mail, 1857–1869* (Glendale, 1947), p. 111, plate 14.

[15] "Mediaeval Suspended Carriages," SPECULUM, XXXIV (1959) 363–64, plate II; for the date and provenance, cf. K. Escher, *Die Bildernandschrift der Weltchronik des Rudolf von Ems* (Zurich, 1935), p. 29.

[16] British Museum, Cottonian Claudius B IV, fols. 60r and 60v. Fols 68r, 71v and 72r show the same sort of vehicle but the artist has omitted the end-posts and hooks. Photographs in the Princeton Index of Christian Art. For the date, cf. N. R. Ker, *Catalogue of Manuscripts Containing Anglo-Saxon* (Oxford, 1957), p. 178.

[17] J. Strutt, *A Compleat View of the Manners, Customs, Arms, Habits, etc., of the Inhabitants of England from the Arrival of the Saxons till the Reign of Henry the Eighth* (London, 1775), I, 45, 113; plate IX, fig. 2.

[18] *The Great Plains* (Boston, 1931), pp. 167–79 for the revolver; 295–317 for barbed wire; 335–48 for windmills.

[19] White, *op. cit.*, pp. 99, 163. What appears to be the simultaneous emergence of cannon in Europe and China is puzzling: L. Carrington Goodrich, in *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, LXXXIII (1963), p. 385, cites a bronze cannon dated 1332 near Peking; cf. *Wen wu* (1962), no. 3, p. 41.

[20] P. Sixl, "Entwicklung und Gebrauch der Handfeuerwaffen," *Zeitschrift für historische Waffenkunde*, I (1897), 278–380, figs. 42–44.

[21] P. Sixl, "Mehrläufige Feuerwaffen in den Handschriften und Waffen-Inventorien," *ibid.*, II (1900–05), 231–36, 269–71; "Orgeln und Orgelgeschütz," *ibid.*, 285–89, 327–29, 361–65; "Mehrreihige Orgeln," *ibid.*, IV (1909–08), 24–27, 84–88. By 1607 a pistol firing eight successive shots from eight fixed barrels had been developed, cf. J. von Kalmán, "Ein Schnellfeuerpistole des 17. Jahrhunderts," *ibid.*, Neue Folge, VI (1939), 86; A. Hoff, "Noch ein Schnellfeuerpistole aus dem 17. Jahrhundert," *ibid.*, 247.

[22] A. Essenwein, *Quellen zur Geschichte der Feuerwaffen* (Leipzig, 1872), plate B. XXVI (a), dating from 1620 to 1680.

[23] Theophilus, *On Divers Arts*, Bk. III, c. 8, tr. J. G. Hawthorne and C. S. Smith (Chicago, 1963), p. 87 and note on wire drawing, pp. 87–89; Theophilus, *The Various Arts*, ed. C. R. Dodwell (London, 1961), p. 68. For the date, see L. White, Jr., "Theophilus Redivivus," *Technology and Culture*, V (1964), 226–30.

[24] V. Biringuccio, *Pirotechnia*, tr. C. S. Smith and M. T. Gnudi (New York, 1942), p. 380.

[25] F. Lipmann, *Zeichnungen von Albrecht Dürer* (Berlin, 1883), I, plate 4.

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About the Authors

Francis Haines *was born in West Virginia in 1899 but was raised in the open range country of Montana, where he developed an abiding interest in range horses and western Indians. His Ph.D. degree is from the University of California, Berkeley. He is rated an authority on horses of the western Indians, the Appaloosa horse, and the Nez Perce Indians. His latest book is* Appaloosa: The Spotted Horse in Art and History *(1963).*

F. Hal Higgins *is one of the world's leading authorities on the history and development of agricultural machinery and author of numerous learned articles on the subject. His persevering research and accumulation over a period of fifty years has resulted in a collection of more than three hundred thousand items, now housed in the F. Hal Higgins Library of Agricultural Technology at the University of California's Davis campus.*

Karl Young *was born in the Uintah Basin, Utah, in 1903. He received both his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship and has taught at Brigham Young University since 1930. On a research grant from his institution in 1962–63, he gathered stories on tapes from old-time Mormons in Mexico and along the border. These stories are being prepared for publication under the title,* Ordeal in Mexico.

Dale L. Morgan'*s books have, for the most part, been concerned with the fur trade in one way or another, and two of them focus squarely upon it:* Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West *(1953), and* The West of William H. Ashley, 1822–1838 *(1964), the latter having been given the New York Westerners' Buffalo Award as the most notable work of western Americana published in 1964. Utah-born and educated, Mr. Morgan has been a specialist at the Bancroft Library since 1954. Later this year, the Huntington Library will publish his joint work with Eleanor T. Harris,* The Rocky Mountain Journals of William Marshall Anderson: the West in 1834. *Revised and somewhat expanded for* THE AMERICAN WEST, *"The Fur Trade and Its Historians" is an address delivered at the North American Fur Trade Conference in St. Paul, November 3, 1965.*

Bill Grimstad, *reporter, reviewer, and feature writer for the San Diego* Union, *studied at both the University of Iowa and the University of Minnesota. His most recent book is* 101:Sunset Highway. *He also professes interest in art history, esoterics, and occultism.*

Lucius Beebe, *well-known author of railroad books, has contributed before to* THE AMERICAN WEST *(Summer 1965). A long-time editor for the New York* Herald Tribune, *he later helped to reactivate the* Territorial Enterprise *at Virginia City, Nevada, in 1951, but sold it when he went to San Francisco where he held an editorial position with the San Francisco* Chronicle *until his untimely death on February 4, 1966.*

Captain Fred K. Klebingat *spent fifty-seven years on the sea as able seaman, mate, and master. One of the few surviving masters of square-rigged ships, he has contributed extensively to the maritime history of the Pacific through correspondence with Karl Kortum, director of the Maritime Museum of San Francisco. He was once master of the famous four-masted ship,* Falls of Clyde, *and is secretary and chief technical advisor to the committee now restoring that vessel.*

John R. Sibbald *prefers to be considered a native Nevadan, although he was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1936. Six years of active duty as an infantry officer in the regular army followed his undergraduate work. His last two years of military service were spent as an assistant professor of military science at the University of Illinois where most of the research for this article was accomplished and where he received his M.A. degree.*

Milton E. Shatraw *was born in 1901 in a one-room log cabin on a ranch near Wolf Creek, Montana. Later his family moved to another ranch near Dupuyer in Teton County where he attended the schools described in this article. Mr. Shatraw now lives in Utica, New York.*

Lynn White, Jr., *received his Ph.D. degree at Harvard in 1934 and is now professor of history at UCLA. His latest publication is* Medieval Technology and Social Change *(1962). In 1964 he received the Leonardo da Vinci Medal of the Society for the History of Technology.*

WESTERN BOOKS

The Great West

■ FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER'S LEGACY: UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. *Edited with an introduction* by **Wilbur R. Jacobs** *(San Marino, Calif., Huntington Library, 1965. 217 pp., illus., index, $6.50).*

BY DANIEL J. ELAZAR

The passions that surrounded the consideration of Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier hypothesis during the first two generations after its promulgation are now subsiding by way of third-generation synthesis. Today, however, there is a growing tendency to put Turner on the shelf as relevant only for the historians of historiography. The perceptive student should be encouraged by the lifting of the smoke of battle over theories to reexamine Turner's writings in light of current historical concerns. Approached without inherited prejudices, Turner's works again become thought provoking not only for those interested in American history but for all concerned with the study of man and his works.

Frederick Jackson Turner's Legacy brings us a sense of Turner as the whole historian, a man who was much more than the poet of the frontier he is so often made out to be. While the twenty-one previously unpublished selections in this book contain references to the frontier and its impact, they also show Turner's concern for multiple causation in history, careful analysis of quantitative as well as qualitative data, and the integration of the social sciences in the pursuit of social knowledge. To those who persist in thinking of him as a single-cause man, Wilbur Jacobs' book should provide important new understanding of a scholar who still has much to say to students of society.

The twenty-one selections represent lecture drafts, unpublished addresses, and book reviews selected from the collection of Turner manuscripts in the Henry E. Huntington Library. They are grouped in five categories: *Frontier and Sections, The Complexity of History, George Washington and the Nation, American Social History,* and *Education and Democracy.* Taken together, they show the many facets of Turner's interests, but, to this reviewer, five of his concerns stand out clearly: the need for integration of the social sciences in order to understand better the institutions of man, the utility of American history as a laboratory for studying the development of those institutions, the dual purpose of the study of history as a science and as a means to develop better citizens, the particular thrust of American political history as the development of a spirit of federal nationalism, and, of course, the ever-present interaction of the frontier and sectionalism as America's guiding force.

Put together, these five concerns may well form the structure of Turner's thought, and *Turner's Legacy* shows this clearly. In his introduction to a lecture on sectionalism which the editor appropriately uses as the first selection in the volume, Turner shows his impatience with "artificial" divisions in the social sciences while at the same time implicitly affirming his views that history is a social science:

> Whether to call this lecture a historical, geographical, political, economic or sociological discussion, I do not know, and I don't much care, for I am one of those who believes in breaking line fences, even at the risk of arrest for trespass, or disclosure of being an amateur, or something worse. Breaking into the professional's game seriously, we need correlation of our subjects in the social studies. . . . (p. 47)

In a lecture on "Some Sociological Aspects of American History," he adds:

> From the University of Padua come these words of Achille Loria: "America has the key to the historical enigma which Europe has sought for centuries in vain; and the land which

has no history, reveals luminously the course of Universal history." These are the convictions of a sociologist and it is from the sociological point of view that American history becomes of profound significance. . . . Henry Adams has well said: "Should history ever become a true science, it must expect to establish its laws, not from the complicated story of rival European nationalities, but from the methodical evolution of a great democracy. North America was the most favorable field on the globe for the spread of a society so large, uniform, and isolated as to answer the purposes of science." This, then, is the justification for the study of American history, . . . in America men are to be studied primarily as expressions of the development of a great democracy in a given age and environment. (pp. 156-58)

Thus he reveals why, as a social scientist, he is led to the study of his own country—it is a laboratory of social organization whose whole unfolding offers a mass of data that can be examined with the scientific exactitude he demands.

Yet Turner was a patriot as well as a scientist who saw in the history of his country a source of inspiration for all its citizens. An admirer of George Washington, three of his most complete manuscripts are those of speeches analyzing Washington's contribution to the formation of American civilization. In one speech delivered in 1923, Turner prefaced his remarks with a view of the study of history for inspiration:

A nation is known by the heroes which it keeps. . . . That we preserve their memory and seek to profit by their example is an evidence of the soundness of the American spirit and a ground for confidence in the future of this people. (p. 141)

Turner admired Washington because his own view of what constituted the proper structure of the American nation coincided closely with that of the Father of the Country. They both valued what may be called federal nationalism—federal in the original sense of a covenant between people, states, and sections that encourages each to maintain its own integrity while espousing a nationalism that fosters a perennial sense of community of interest and ideals. In this light, Turner, like Washington, rejected both the spirit of disunion in the guise of state sovereignty or the heresy of national homogenization in the name of efficiency. To this end, Turner analyzed Washington's "Farewell Address" in one of the few lectures he wrote in full ("Why Did Not the United States Become Another Europe?" 1916):

Our literature is federal, not national . . . [a] literature of great sections with a common central bond rather than a homogeneous national literature. (p. 133) . . . Our governmental organs developed federally while both state and nation were in the gristle, plastic, incomplete. From the colonial beginning there had always been a general government, assigned varying functions but always checking the sense of state or sectional separateness. . . . Before the expanding nation was the great West, offering, it is true, opportunities for rivalries, but offering also, because so vast, the means of compromising the differences, and affording the opportunity to turn our energies and ambitions to peaceful construction. This vast unorganized empire was incorporated into the union under our unique federal colonial system . . . as states, equal in a sisterhood of states, as they came to maturity. (p. 139)

But, going beyond Washington, Turner anticipated the recent conclusions of political scientists and also saw that it was not only the Constitution or the frontier or the isolation of the continent that held the parts of the nation together despite centrifugal pressures:

Finally, and perhaps quite as important as any other one factor, national parties constituted a means of common action on an interstate and intersectional scale. They divided the sections at the same time that they furnished a bond between the sections. (p. 139)

Through the selections in this book, then, one can trace the themes which supplement the monumental simplification of Turner's ideas—themes which show that the grand simplicities of frontier and section cover a complexity of thought worthy of a great social scientist. To enhance further the collection, Professor Jacobs has supplied a very useful editor's introduction which gives the reader an overview of Turner's life and work, the sources of his inspiration, and the location of the written remnants of his thought, as well as individual introductions to each section. Indeed, the editor's emphasis on Turner as methodologist as well as theorist is made clear in his useful additions. If there is any reservation to be made as to the book itself, it is that the inevitable repetition of Turner's central idea of frontier and section and the equally inevitable sketchiness of many of the selections may keep those who believe Turner to be *passé*—the very ones who should read this volume—from delving into it.

(Daniel J. Elazar, associate professor of political science at Temple University, is presently working on a study of the frontier as a perennial American phenomenon.)

■ ARTISTS OF THE OLD WEST. By John C. Ewers *(Garden City, New York, Doubleday, 1965. 240 pp., illus., biblio., $12.95).*

BY JAMES L. HASELTINE

As the author indicates by the title of his introduc-

tion, his main concern is with "the artist as explorer and historian." Artists appear to be selected to illustrate in smooth chronology the various phases of the western adventure. Treated, in turn, are Charles Willson Peale, Charles B. J. F. de Saint-Mémin, Titian Ramsey Peale, Samuel Seymour, Charles Bird King, John Neagle, Peter Rindisbacher, George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, Alfred Jacob Miller, Randolph Friederich Kurz, Charles Nahl, Thomas A. Ayres, Gustavus Sohon, Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Theodore R. Davis, Frederic Remington, and Charles M. Russell.

Such a group serves well the intention of the author, who is director of the Smithsonian Institution's new Museum of History and Technology. The narrative is well paced and should appeal to a wide public. The book is handsomely produced and the illustrations numerous, well chosen and of high quality.

Yet, one may regret the omission of Seth Eastman, John Mix Stanley, and especially of the towering figure among those artists who made the life of the frontier their theme, George Caleb Bingham. Perhaps he did not penetrate the frontier deeply enough, nor live among the Indians, nor discover new subject matter for the painter. Instead, his penetration was to the heart of what makes a work of art. As E. P. Richardson has said, "Bingham had a remarkable sense of what was grand, essential, typical. None of the other painters of the frontier could approach him, either in sobriety and freshness of observation or in talent as a painter. He was part of the life he painted. The other painters of the frontier were easterners who were drawn to the West by the lure of the picturesque; and the picturesque was what they painted. Nonetheless, their work forms a valuable and interesting historical record."

One of the very few western painters whose works can stand today as art as well as history is Catlin. There is a dash and a fine sense of pattern and value that every so often marks him as a kind of buckskin Manet. His cool, dignified portraits of Indian girls presage similar works executed many years later in the Southwest by Robert Henri.

Catlin, also, was one of the few frontier painters who was not seduced by the often jarring colors of Indian costumes and the western landscape. Smoky, well-controlled tonalities distinguish his work. Too many other painters—Rindisbacher, Bodmer, Miller, Nahl, Moran, Bierstadt, Russell—could not always check their enthusiasm for the subject observed and turn it to painterly demands. Hence, by and large, black-and-white drawings or quick field watercolors are often more satisfactory than the larger "finished" works of these men. For the same reason, the most exciting oils to come out of the frontier experience are those small field sketches of Bierstadt, which Ewers says "reveal a keen observation, skilled draftsmanship, and spontaneous appreciation of basic forms that mark a creative artist rather than a mere craftsman." Unfortunately, none are reproduced.

The inclusion of a number of drawings by Indians—particularly the Sioux Indian depiction of the Battle of the Little Big Horn with its register composition and dismembered warriors reminding one of the Bayeux Tapestry—unintentionally makes the point that the red man usually excelled his white brother in lively composition and telling use of line.

Among the draughtsmen, only Kurz consistently transcends the illustrative or the picturesque. The reproduction of his tautly delineated pen-and-ink drawings of Fort Union, mainly from the Historical Museum in Berne, is a major contribution of the book.

(Author of 100 Years of Utah Painting, *James L. Haseltine is director of the Salt Lake Art Center and president of the Western Association of Art Museums.)*

■ THE FUR TRADER AND THE INDIAN. By Lewis O. Saum *(Seattle and London, University of Washington Press, 1965. 324 pp., frontis., map, notes, biblio., index, $7.50).*

BY EDGAR I. STEWART

In this small volume, the author, who is an assistant professor of history at the University of Washington, attempts to correct what he calls "the inadequacy of historical awareness of the red man" in American history and to "analyze the image of the Indian that impressed itself upon the consciousness of the earliest white men among them," namely, the fur traders.

In the first section, which is devoted largely to the fur traders, he points out that the average trader was not the drunken reprobate that he is often pictured as being. Although conceding that the free-lancers among them degenerated to the primitive level of the savage, he emphasizes that the employees of the larger companies always sought to preserve their dignity and refinement in the face of the barbarism that confronted them, since there was much more to the fur trade than "dragging a keg of cheap whiskey into the woods and returning rich." Athough conceding that there was considerable fabrication as well as some plagiarism in the

accounts of the fur men. Professor Saum contends that most of the traders had the ability to express themselves clearly and honestly and that they did so for the most part. He makes an exception of the "mountain men" of the Far West for whom he has scant respect. But even here he concedes that some of their accounts are honest and reliable, although often the language used was too exalted and poetic.

In dealing with the opinion held by the fur traders concerning the Indian, the author labors diligently to prove some fairly obvious points, but his accomplishment is not always commensurate with the labor expended. It will hardly strike anyone with the force of revelation to learn that the traders recognized "endless varieties" within the Indian way of life and that a part of this difference was due to factors in the environment, such as the latitude and the severity of the climate. That there were individual differences among the members of a tribe is hardly an occasion for surprise, nor is the fact that there were differences in the tribal reactions to the environment. His rating of various tribes as to their "goodness" or "badness" is of interest, but too many tribal groups are omitted.

While the traders quite generally failed to agree that the only good Indian was a dead one (they had too much at stake economically for that), they also refused to subscribe to the ideal of the "noble savage," although this theme was sometimes utilized to express the trader's grievances with civilization. Most of the traders agreed that the Indian character was lacking in guides to right conduct and could be restrained from wrong actions only by fear of the consequences. The concept of the Indian-giver was widely held, and Indian generosity was recognized as having strings attached. The author also controverts the view that the French got along better with the natives than did the Anglo-Saxons and sees little evidence to prove that the men of one cultural background excelled those of another in dealing with the red man.

This is not a book for popular reading; it is far too technical for that. On the other hand, the specialist will find little with which he is not already familiar. The chief merit of the book is that it brings together a vast amount of previously widely scattered material and has it well organized for ready reference. The notes and the bibliography testify as to the enormous amount of research that went into the preparation of this volume. It will merit the attention of anyone interested in the Indian as one of the "determinants" of events in American history.

(Edgar I. Stewart is professor of history at Eastern Washington State College and is the author of Custer's Luck *and other books.)*

■ THE HORSE IN AMERICA. By **Robert West Howard** *(Chicago and New York, Follett Publishing Company, 1965. 298 pp., illus., chron., gloss., notes, index, $6.95).*

A panoramic history of the horse in the United States from the paleontological *Eohippus* to the post-World War II resurgence of the animal's popularity on the track and in suburbia. Howard has brought into his study an immense amount of information including the place of the horse in the opening of the West.

The Plains and the Rockies

■ HISTORY OF WYOMING. By **T. A. Larson.** *Line drawings by Jack Brodie (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1965. 619 pp., maps, charts, apps., sources, index, $6.95).*

BY AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

"Thirty years' gathering," is what cowboys proudly called their lifetime accumulations. This expression may well be applied to this exceedingly excellent history of the Cowboy State written by Dr. T. A. Larson, head of the Department of History and director, School of American Studies, University of Wyoming. During the past thirty years Dr. Larson has studied, accumulated, evaluated, and written Wyoming history and has probably consulted more primary sources and other materials on Wyoming than any other individual.

Aware that much had been written about the early explorers, fur traders, and travelers on the Oregon, Mormon, and California trails across what became Wyoming, the author concentrated in this book on the years 1865 to 1965. He has placed special emphasis upon the seventy-five years of Wyoming's statehood from 1890.

In clear, concise English, the author has presented only the most relevant facts. He has told the political, economic, and social history of the territory and state

with proper balance and unbiased sympathetic understanding. Larson's focus has been chiefly on personalities—on the men and women who shaped the destiny of Wyoming. He has portrayed the individuals by quoting what was said about them or has shown from official records and the press their accomplishments or failures. Spice has been added to the text by the quoting now and then of some rather vitriolic personal statements, made by outspoken editors or by others in confidential correspondence, now available in archives.

Dr. Larson is at his best in writing political history and has performed a rare feat in accurately portraying so many of the state's builders, including Joseph M. Carey, Francis E. Warren, John B. Kendrick, Willis Van Devanter, Nellie Taylor Ross, and many, many others. Only in an uncrowded commonwealth such as Wyoming could so many eminent persons have remained so long in the public eye.

Much hitherto unpublished information on woman suffrage in Wyoming is included in the history. Little new, however, appears in the discussion of the Johnson County War which follows the pattern set by A. S. Mercer in *The Banditti of the Plains*. It is no fault of the author, however, that some facts relative to the "war" still have not been made public.

The book's forty-page pictorial review contains widely varied, interesting, and exceptionally well-selected photographs. Chapter 16 is a condensation of the author's informative work, *Wyoming's War Years, 1941–1945*, published in 1954. For those who wish to know more about various phases of Wyoming's history, the bibliographical division entitled "Sources" will be of great help. Meticulously, the author has cited and appraised innumerable sources relating to Wyoming.

The book is beautifully made—a tribute to the workmanship of the University of Nebraska Press, whose director, Bruce H. Nicoll, hails from Green River, Wyoming.

Primarily a scholarly, critical history of Wyoming for adults, this book proves that Wyoming, "the last frontier state," is unique for the continuous leadership of its self-reliant cattlemen. "Most Wyoming cattlemen," says the author, "represented the survival of the fittest. They constituted the most stable element in a population which had always been transient."

The text also bears out the statement of Neil Morgan who said in *Westward Tilt* that "except for Alaska there is no American state on which the passage of time and man has left so small an imprint as Wyoming."

(With a strong interest in the history of Wyoming, Agnes Wright Spring was state historian of Colorado, 1954–63.)

■ NAUVOO: KINGDOM OF THE MISSISSIPPI. By Robert Bruce Flanders *(Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1965. 364 pp., illus., biblio., index, $6.50).*

BY DAVID E. MILLER

One of the most fascinating chapters in the history of midcentury, midwestern America is the one associated with the Mormon city of Nauvoo, 1839–46. During those years the Mormons developed an almost abandoned, semiswampy Mississippi River peninsula into the most populous, and possibly the most attractive, city in Illinois. *Nauvoo: Kingdom on the Mississippi* deals with some aspects of the spectacular development of this Mormon mecca on the Mississippi. The book is not a narrative history of Nauvoo or of the Mormons but is rather a series of more or less independent chapters attempting to explain and analyze various aspects of the Mormon experience. It is basically an economic and political study.

Although the author professes to be completely objective, some biases are quite apparent. Probably the major omission of the volume is the failure to portray the significant religious factors of Nauvoo life and the importance of Joseph Smith as spiritual leader of the Mormons. Rather, Smith is portrayed as domineering, crafty, energetic, passionate, vain, a proud and suspicious land speculator, civic leader, military commander, business planner and schemer. As Nauvoo's leading citizen, Joseph Smith is naturally the dominant figure in the book.

Chapter 10, "The Kingdom as Empire," is probably the author's most significant contribution. Herein he deals with the evolution and development of the early Mormon concept of the Kingdom of God, "God's organized government on earth," further described as "a quasi-sovereign church-state whose influence would spread into Texas, Mexico, and Central America. Such a development they viewed not as rivaling the normal course of American expansion into these areas but rather as a vital part of it." (p. 279) The author traces the origin of this Mormon desire to establish a "sovereign" state to the refusal of the U.S. government to take action against the state of Missouri, from which the church had been forcibly ejected by state action. Mormon leaders had learned this significant fact: that

the federal government did not (in the 1840's) interfere or insist upon protection of individual rights within a state. If the Saints were to be protected at all, it must be through state action, a state of their own making. This thinking was reflected in the Mormon program for settlement in the Great Basin.

The volume is profusely annotated and demonstrates long and careful research. However, close scholars will be quick to notice a complete absence of citations from the L.D.S. archives, certainly a major source for a study of this subject.

(Chairman of the Department of History, University of Utah, David E. Miller has made a detailed study of Nauvoo for the National Park Service which he is now preparing for publication.)

■ OLD JULES COUNTRY: A SELECTION FROM "OLD JULES" AND THIRTY YEARS OF WRITING SINCE THE BOOK WAS PUBLISHED. **By Mari Sandoz** *(New York, Hastings House, 1965. 319 pp., biblio., $4.95).*

A generous sampler of Mari Sandoz nonfiction writing since *Old Jules*, the biography of her pioneering father, was published in 1935. Included are selections from the series of books on the Great Plains stretching from Nebraska to Montana, as well as essays and two previously unpublished pieces. There is a complete bibliography of the author's writings. Mari Sandoz died March 10, 1966.

California and Nevada

■ HISTORY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA. **By Francis P. Farquhar** *(Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press in collaboration with the Sierra Club 1965. 262 pp., illus., maps, notes and refs., index, $10).*

■ JOHN MUIR AND THE SIERRA CLUB: THE BATTLE FOR YOSEMITE. **By Holway R. Jones** *(San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1965. 207 pp., illus., maps, biblio. note, index, $10).*

BY WELDON F. HEALD

Francis Farquhar is unquestionably the foremost authority on the two centuries of human activities in the Sierra Nevada. For more than fifty years he has explored and collected material pertaining to the history of this great California mountain range. A past president of the California Historical Society, Farquhar has twice served as president of the Sierra Club and was editor of the *Sierra Club Bulletin* from 1926 to 1946. His writings on the Sierra Nevada and California history include articles, bibliographies, and several books.

His long-awaited *History of the Sierra Nevada* is the culmination of Francis Farquhar's exhaustive research and study in his special field. In less than two hundred pages, his lively narrative covers prehistoric Indian inhabitants, discovery by the Spaniards, early American exploration, government surveys, formation of national parks and forests, economic and recreational development. There are also chapters on the gold rush, immigrants, and the building of the Central Pacific Railroad. He limits his scope largely to the High Sierra from Lake Tahoe to Mount Whitney. In fact, he writes in the preface: "I have resisted the temptation save in a few instances that seem relevant, to leave the mountains and slide downhill toward the lowlands."

In the pages of *History of the Sierra Nevada*, one meets such well-known characters as Jedediah Smith, John C. Frémont, Josiah Whitney, Clarence King, and the Sierra's own writer-naturalist, John Muir. The increasing concern for conservation of natural resources and nature preservation is also traced, and the Sierra Club, founded by John Muir, is shown to have been a major influence in saving the finest scenic sections of the Sierra Nevada from commercial exploitation.

Farquhar is a master craftsman in assembling and presenting additional material for the guidance of those who wish to pursue a subject further. His "Notes and References" at the end of each chapter total thirty-seven pages and are as great a contribution to the history of the Sierra as is the text. Almost every important source is listed with explanatory comments.

The book is illustrated with fifty reproductions of photographs and prints, many of great historical interest. The color frontispiece is from a painting of Mount Lyell by William Keith. The four sectional maps, although helpful, are of too small a scale to follow the text in detail.

John Muir and the Sierra Club: The Battle for Yosemite, by Holway R. Jones, is a minutely detailed documentary volume on the founding of the Sierra Club in 1892 and its early battles to preserve the integrity of Yosemite National Park and is an important

addition to the history of American conservation.

Jones's narrative covers the period from 1890, when Yosemite National Park was created, to the death of John Muir in 1914, after the unsuccessful thirteen-year struggle to save Hetch Hetchy Valley from becoming a reservoir of the San Francisco water supply system.

Established by John Muir and a group of bay area professors and businessmen, the Sierra Club was primarily an outdoor organization with the purpose "of exploring and enjoying . . . the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast." But the young club soon found that its secondary aim was of equal importance, that is, "to enlist the support and cooperation of the people and government in preserving the forests and other features of the Sierra Nevada."

The book's first three chapters describe the development of Yosemite Valley and the surrounding mountainous area as a background for the Sierra Club's conservation efforts. They chronicle the constant vigilance of the club and its president, John Muir, in protecting Yosemite from powerful economic and political interests that sought to exploit its unmatched natural values for private profit. In the main, the club's constant alertness and prompt action were successful, and more skirmishes were won than lost. At the turn of the century Yosemite National Park was a magnificent example of America's original wilderness, owned by the people and held virtually inviolate for their enjoyment and well-being.

Then came one of the most tragic defeats the cause of nature preservation ever suffered — the loss of Hetch Hetchy Valley in the heart of Yosemite National Park. The last three chapters, more than half the book, are devoted to an in-depth account of the moves, countermoves, intrigues, undercover machinations, and bitter open hostilities which marked this long war between two opposing ideologies. This is the first time the Hetch Hetchy story has been fully told. John Muir, the Sierra Club, and the conservationists eventually lost, and today a dam drowns the meadows, woods, and streams of one of the world's most beautiful valleys beneath an unsightly, fluctuating, man-made lake. The worst part of it is that there were alternate sites outside the park available to San Francisco for its water needs.

However, this contest taught nature preservers throughout the country valuable lessons in the strategy of such campaigns. The club particularly gained stature in the Hetch Hetchy struggle and, with more than thirty thousand members today, it has become one of the nation's strongest and most influential conservation organizations.

The illustrations of the personalities and places involved are of great interest, while the before-and-after photographs of Hetch Hetchy Valley provide timely propaganda against the building of dams in Dinosaur National Monument on the Colorado River and in other scenic wilderness areas.

The book, however, is somewhat marred by a plethora of footnotes, or rather side-notes; many of them seem unnecessary except to students or specialists. There are altogether some six hundred references, and apparently they include every source consulted by the author. As a result, a parade of *ibids.*, *op. cits.*, and *loc. cits.* march down the inner columns of the pages, parallel to the text, in such a confusing manner that they tend to disrupt the continuity of the narrative. It would seem that placing notes and references at the ends of chapters is still the most acceptable way.

An enthusiastic outdoorsman, Holway R. Jones is head social science librarian at the University of Oregon and is secretary of the Sierra Club's Northwest chapter in Eugene.

(Weldon F. Heald, a free-lance writer living in Tucson, is the author of many articles on the conservation movement and national parks.)

■ NOT MAN APART: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BIG SUR COAST. *Lines from Robinson Jeffers. Edited* by **David Brower.** *Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series 10 (San Francisco, Sierra Club, 1965. 159 pp., illus., $25).*

Tenth in the Sierra Club's Exhibit Format Series, this book is a plea to the nation to search out the best means to preserve the Big Sur country on the California coast as one of the great natural places. Ninety-two photographs (twenty-eight in color) by Adams, Weston, Hyde, Porter, and others, coupled with lines from Jeffers' poetry, eloquently document the region's beauty.

■ WILLIAM WOLFSKILL, 1798–1866: FRONTIER TRAPPER TO CALIFORNIA RANCHERO. **By Iris Higbie Wilson.** *Western Frontiersmen Series, XII (Glendale, Arthur H. Clark, 1965. 268 pp., illus., app., biblio., index, $9.00).*

William Wolfskill is perhaps best known as a fur trapper and Santa Fe trader and as one of the first to travel the long Spanish Trail from New Mexico to California where he arrived in 1831. In this scholarly first full-dress biography of the man, Iris Wilson finds

that he spent over half his life in California where, she says, he was the founder of California's commercial citrus industry, sponsor of the first public school in Los Angeles, co-founder of the wine business, and developer of the grazing industry. The *yanqui ranchero* played an important role in transforming the Mexican province to an American state. Moreover, he was one of the first to make a fortune from land in California.

Northwest and Southwest

■ MINNESOTA AND THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST: A STUDY IN CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS. **By Alvin C. Gluek, Jr.** *(Toronto, University of Toronto Press, 1965. 311 pp., index, $7.50).*

BY EARL SPANGLER

This book is a balanced analysis of the rivalries of Canada and the United States over the British Northwest, 1821–70. The chapters are capped by summaries and conclusions that are helpful in bringing together the documented evidence presented.

The idea of annexation of Rupert's Land and the Red River settlements by the United States forms the major thesis of the book. Professor Gluek shows skill in tracing the various phases and periods in which annexation sentiment waxed and waned. The gamut of development from the early fur-trading days to the coming of the railroad and its impact on Canadian and United States actions is portrayed with objectivity. Much of the struggle between Canada and the United States relative to integration by the former or annexation by the latter was dependent upon the orientation of trade and commerical routes that played so much a part in the development of this frontier.

The interests of the Hudson's Bay Company are not neglected. The role played by this organization is of prime importance in determining Canadian interests and actions. The company had its own problems in trying to extend an influence over the isolated settlements in the Red River Valley.

More specifically, of course, the interest of Minnesota became a driving force as that area began to fill up and as St. Paul became the center of trade and annexationist sentiment. Here again, the struggle to orient trade from a purely Canadian east-west axis to a north-south one that would involve St. Paul is told with understanding. Minnesota politicians such as Alexander Ramsey, James Taylor, Norman Kittson, and Joseph Wheelock are brought into proper focus. Ramsey as territorial and later state governor, and then as U.S. senator from Minnesota, played a key role in keeping up the fight for annexation to the United States.

Canadian leaders such as Sir John MacDonald, Bishop Taché, and William McDougall are not neglected. Their actions, particularly MacDonald's, are brought into perspective and given full credit as the balance began to swing toward Canadian hegemony in the region. The Riel Rebellion is analyzed and made an integral part of the account.

Underlying the whole story is a mixture of nationalism, sectionalism, and localism. The influence of geography is grasped exceedingly well by the author as are the emotional and logical reasons behind Manifest Destiny. One cannot disassociate geography from politics and both are related to economics. Professor Gluek encompasses all three of these forces in his portrayal of the fifty-year struggle.

Major conclusions drawn as to Minnesota's failure to achieve annexation are: the periodic checking of the frontier thrust by the Panic of 1857, the Sioux and Civil War interlude, the thwarting of free trade by the Hudson's Bay Company, the greater aid expended by Canada to its expansionists than by the United States to its, and "the undoubted preference" of the people of the Northwest "to be confederated with Canada rather than be annexed to the United States . . . after its people had discovered that Ottawa would meet their wishes. . . ."

If not exciting, the book is readable, and occasional flashes of humor lighten the story. Much research has been done in primary resources, but at times the details are so numerous as to detract from the main theme. There is no bibliography; all sources are cited in the footnotes.

(Associate professor of history at Macalester College, St. Paul, Earl Spangler teaches in the field of frontier history.)

■ WAR FOR THE COLORADO RIVER: THE CALIFORNIA-ARIZONA CONTROVERSY. **By John Upton Terrell.** *Western Lands and Waters Series, IV (2 vols., Glendale, Cali-*

fornia, Arthur H. Clark, 1965. 325 & 323 pp., map, apps., biblio., index, $17.50).

BY DWIGHT L. SMITH

Although the Colorado River is big news in the annals of the West, its chronicles, curiously, have been generally neglected. Of recent years, however, some important chapters are being researched, compiled, interpreted, and recorded. The present book is an account of the wrangles of the basin states over the inheritance of nature—who gets how much of the life-giving waters of the river

When pressures and proposals for use of the river made it clear that the demand for water would far exceed the potential supply, and the question of the rights of states to regulate the stream flow within their individual boundaries raised the specter of federal control to determine its development, the seven basin states negotiated the Colorado River Compact in 1922. The compact divided the river at Lees Ferry into the upper basin and lower basin and allotted to each some seven and one-half million acre-feet of water a year for beneficial consumptive use. Presumably, then, the states within a basin would negotiate equable division of their collective share allotted by the compact.

As a state or a combination of states sought to assert claims to the river water through various projects, trouble developed rapidly. Inaccuracies, vagueness, and inadequacies of the document only served as fuel for the smoldering mutual mistrust, suspicion, and jealousies that divided the basin states. Politics, propaganda, and polemics were common weapons. One state even employed its militia to stop what it regarded as an unfavorable development.

The largest and most costly reclamation construction proposal to that time, the Central Arizona Project, was made to Congress in 1947. This opened the climactic battle of a quarter-century war to implement the compact among the lower-basin states. Precisely how the waters of the Gila River were to be measured and calculated as a part of Arizona's share of the waters of the Colorado was at stake. In this the upper basin stood with Arizona against California. The fight lasted for three Congresses. Suddenly in January 1953, the field of action shifted when the controversy was taken to the Supreme Court for adjudication.

In 1948 the Upper Basin Compact was drawn up. Because for a short distance the upper division of the Colorado was below its northern boundary, Arizona was a party to this agreement. Soon thereafter the Colorado River Storage Project, to become the largest reclamation-and-power project ever conceived, began to take shape on the drawing boards of the Bureau of Reclamation. California regarded this as the greatest threat to her Colorado River rights, and another major battle shaped up. Two Congresses later, "a powerful coalition of political forces" defeated California by securing passage of the enabling legislation.

Committee hearing by committee hearing, and congressional session by congressional session, John Upton Terrell recounts the detailed story of the struggle as if he were a war correspondent. Well, not quite, because he was one of the strategy officers. Terrell was the longtime representative in Washington for the Colorado River Association of California, therefore at once an eyewitness and a participant in most of what he writes about. His account is, then, even though adequately documented in the main from reports of congressional hearings and proceedings, biased and manifestly one-sided. Allowing for this, Terrell's account is a prime source for future historians of the river.

(Professor of history at Miami University, Dwight L. Smith has edited Down the Colorado, *Robert B. Stanton's account of his railroad survey through the canyons.)*

■ THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN HENRY TUNSTALL: THE LETTERS, DIARIES & ADVENTURES OF AN ITINERANT ENGLISHMAN SUPPLEMENTED WITH OTHER DOCUMENTS & ANNOTATIONS. *Compiled and edited* by **Frederick W. Nolan** *(Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1965. 480 pp., illus., apps., chron., biblio., index, $6.00).*

BY RAMON F. ADAMS

John Henry Tunstall's name has appeared in many history books, especially those dealing with Lincoln County, New Mexico, and its troubles. But this long-overdue book is the first to be devoted entirely to this young adventurer. It is fitting, too, that it should be written by a fellow Englishman and published in the state in which Tunstall was murdered in such a cold-blooded manner.

Frederick Nolan was fortunate in being able to examine the Tunstall family records and to have access to the letters and diary of young John which so carefully reveal the details of his life in America; his shrewd observations are not without humor.

This excellent book gives one the opportunity to learn of young Tunstall's boyhood and education, his

early travels, and his experiences as a young merchant in British Columbia. He was ambitious but had no love for the dull life of a merchant. He went to California to enter the sheep business after carefully observing its money-making possibilities. Yet, he was discontent and eventually moved to New Mexico after learning of its golden opportunities. Perhaps it was his destiny.

With the help of money from his father, he established a ranch and stocked it, opened a mercantile business and, with John S. Chisum, started a bank, both in Lincoln. The firm of Murphy and Dolan, having operated for years without competition, could not stand the rivalry and at the first opportunity sent a mob to Tunstall's ranch to confiscate his cattle for a debt he did not owe. When they met him on the trail to Lincoln, he was murdered in a most cowardly manner, and this murder was the spark which set the Lincoln County War ablaze. In the words of the author, "he became the nemesis of a nefarious 'ring' determined to drive him out or kill him."

Near the end of the book there is quoted much correspondence between John Tunstall's father and the various authorities both in England and America in the long and fruitless attempt to secure the money and property lost by his son's untimely murder. The book is well done and should take an important place in the history of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

Mr. Nolan spent seven years collecting his material and another five before it was published, but I am sure it was time well spent when he considers that most historians, like myself, are very grateful to him for having written this excellent book.

(In his Guns Under the Saddle *(1964), bibliophile and bibliographer Ramon F. Adams of Dallas has written a critical evaluation of books about western outlaws and gunmen.)*

■ AN ARIZONA CHRONOLOGY: STATEHOOD, 1913–1936. By **Douglas D. Martin.** *Edited by Patricia Paylore (Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1966. n.p., $4.50).*

Volume two of the excellent *Chronology* completed by the editor after Martin's death in 1963. Subject index makes this, as the first, an important reference.

A Fight that Could Have Meant War *continued*

the one to Box 70 in the National Archives cited below and to Clendenin personally for a photograph of a map taken from *The Cavalry Journal*. Two other useful sources were: Charles Curtis Cumberland, *The Mexican Revolution: Genesis Under Madero* (Austin, 1952), and Stanley Robert Ross, *Francisco I. Madero, Apostle of Mexican Democracy* (New York, 1955). For an overview see *The New International Yearbook* (1916), 420–24.

Various accounts have been given of the fight, but some bits of conflicting evidence pose interesting problems for one attempting to explain all that happened. Box 70 of the Punitive Expedition Records in the National Archives contains some interesting items, among which are carbons of two messages, one to the "Jefe Politico, Villa Ahumada," the other to the "Jefe Politico, Carrizal." The messages are identical except for one word. The note addressed to the chief at Villa Ahumada reads: "I am visiting your town engaged upon a peaceful mission. The usual authority is requested. Please inform the Chief Military Officer of my movements. [signed] C. T. Boyd, Capt. 10th Cavalry." The note to the officer at Carrizal substitutes the word "passing" for "visiting" and is dated Carrizal, June 21, 1916, 6:30 A.M.

The wording of these two messages suggests that Captain Boyd was already testing the will of the Mexicans to carry out their threats of trouble for U.S. forces who ignored General Treviño's ultimatum to General Pershing. In spite of the rather offhand request for "the usual authority," one detects that Captain Boyd had determined on his movements and intended to execute them with or without the consent of Mexican authorities.

On the other hand, a brief note with the signature F. U. Gomez is also in Box 70. This note, addressed to the "Jefe de la Fuerza Americanal," gives permission to Boyd to come forward with his troops in order to have a conference: "Sirvase pasar por esta con las fuerzas que le acompañan, para que tenga[mos] una conferencia. [signed] El General, F. U. Gomez." The writing is partially obliterated by two small splotches which may be bloodstains.

Perhaps the clue to the presence of this message in Box 70 is given in an account of the fight by Captain Morey, who escaped from the battle. He was quoted in *The Independent*, July 3, 1916, as follows:

> We reach[ed an] open field to southeast of town at 6:30 A.M. Captain Boyd sent in a note requesting permission to pass through the town. This was refused: stating we could go to the north, but not east. Captain Boyd said he was going to Ahumada at this time. He was talking with Carranza commander. General Gomez sent a written message that Captain Boyd could bring his force in town and have a conference. Captain Boyd feared an ambush.

In considering the testimony of Spilsbury in conjunction with the materials in Box 70 and the account of Captain Morey, one might conclude that, after Major Rivas retired to the village in order to report to General Gomez, the latter sent a messenger with the note addressed to the chief of the American forces before he himself came out on the field to talk with the captain. Such a minor detail could quite easily have escaped the memory of Spilsbury.

the size and weight of the Mayflower to be $7000—a sum which would pay for the rental of a good many gang plows. To solve this dilemma, Coffin and Standish decided that any other machines would have to be built in the more sophisticated foundries of the East, where construction costs would be lower. Standish journeyed to Boston in February of 1870. Charles Coffin, a Boston brother of Oliver, added his financial backing, and in August of 1870 a second machine was constructed at the Hawes & Hersey Machine Works of South Boston. This California No. 2, as it was called, was demonstrated on the Boston Common, then shipped west to the Industrial Exposition in Cincinnati, Ohio, where it was received with great admiration. "Nothing connected with the exposition," the Cincinnati *Daily Gazette* reported, "has excited the public interest that was awakened yesterday morning by the . . . famous California steam plow, now on exhibition in a building specially erected for it. . . . "

The public was unwilling to match its interest with money, however, for the cost of the machine had increased with every improvement until Standish now estimated the cost of a machine at some $9000. He shipped California No. 2 to New Orleans and put it to work on the plantation of one General Davidson, ten miles below the city. General Davidson was enthusiastic, but died before he could add his financial backing to that of the Coffin brothers. Standish's troubles began to multiply from this point on.

The Coffin brothers, already having invested several thousand dollars without substantial returns, were unwilling to ante-up the money necessary for the improvements which the California No. 2 still needed. Standish wrote to them in desperation in August of 1871:

> . . . let us draw a line over our difficulties and disagreements connected with our steam Plow business. . . . I cannot leave it until it becomes a complete success, and in order to make it such I will relinquish my interest in the patent retaining ten percent of the receipt of all sales . . . if you will furnish the necessary means and go ahead with the business. . . .

The brothers Coffin did not accept the offer, and "the whole project came to a standstill," Standish recalled many years later. "The Steam Plow was about forgotten. . . ." Even if it had not been "about forgotten," it is not likely that the Standish steam plow would ever have been as important as Standish had hoped. The invention and widespread use of the disc plow—which pulverized the soil as efficiently as the rotary system, and with less power — would doubtless have been too much competition for it, and the eventual development of the internal combustion engine, of course, would spell an end to steam as a motive power.

Standish never returned to California. He entered the chainmaking business in Missouri and Ohio and built various farm implements. His company in Cuyahoga, Ohio, failed just prior to the turn of the century, and the discouraged old inventor spent his last years with a daughter in Cleveland. He never really forgot the rotary steam plow, however. In 1917, eighty-two years old and obviously confused by the intricacies of a far more complicated technology than he was trained to understand, he offered to build a rotary plowing machine for the Department of Agriculture. In his letter he recalled one of his more startling innovations:

> Col. Silver, Agricultural Editor of the *Alta California* and Col. Warren, Editor and owner of the *California Farmer*, were following in the rear of the old plow [the Mayflower], watching the action of the first revolving cutters in the earth and noticing the soil squirm behind them, asked the writer what caused the commotion. Notice was given the engineer to speed up, which he did and the points of the cutter were exposed to view, and to their astonishment, streams of electricity were seen at the cutters point and in the ground. Electricity as a fertilizer was discovered.

Poor Standish—not even Tom Swift would have laid claim to having invented an electric fertilizer.

nado expeditions or from any other strays. Tame Spanish horses, with Spanish gear and some instruction in Spanish methods of handling and using the animals, came from the Spanish colonies of New Mexico and were distributed to the various western tribes.

Horses for the Columbia Basin moved north from New Mexico, west of the Rocky Mountains to the Nez Perce country by 1720. This area then became the important distribution center for the Columbia Basin and western Montana, partly because of the favorable natural conditions, and partly because of the intelligence of the Nez Perces.

The Wissler hypothesis was stated in Clark Wissler, "The Influence of the Horse in the Development of Plains Culture," *American Anthropologist*, XVI (1914), 1–25. A reliable, rather detailed account for both DeSoto and Coronado expeditions is Herbert E. Bolton, *Coronado, Knight of Pueblo and Plains* (New York, 1914). The account of the Indians shooting the last of DeSoto's horses is from Theodore Irving, *The Conquest of Florida* (New York, 1851). Two important documents on early New Mexico are Mrs. Edward E. Ayer (tr.), *The Memorial of Fray Alonso de Benevides, 1630* (Chicago, 1916), and F. V. Scholes, "Troublous Times in New Mexico, 1659–70," *New Mexico Historical Review*, XII (1937), 134–74. One of the best descriptions in print of the operation of a Spanish stock ranch in the seventeenth century using Indian servants is in Herbert E. Bolton, *Rim of Christendom: A Biography of Eusibo Francisco Kino, Pacific Coast Pioneer* (New York, 1936). The early mention of horses by the Blackfeet is from J. B. Tyrrell (ed.), *David Thompson's Narrative of His Explorations in Western America, 1784–1812* (Toronto, 1916). The Crow tradition is from the "Bradley Manuscript," Contributions, *Historical Society of Montana*, VIII (1917), 195–250. The Nez Perce tradition is from Herbert J. Spinden, "Nez Perce Tales," *Journal of American Folklore*, XXI (1908). The Wasco tradition comes from Vol. XII, Book II, of the *Pacific Railway Survey Reports* (12 vols., Washington, D.C., 1860). James A. Teit, "The Salishan Tribes of the Western Plateau," *Forty-ninth Annual Report* (Bureau of American Ethnology, 1930), has several items on early horse cultures and horse trading. Any good edition of the journals of the Lewis and Clark expedition will give material on the Shoshoni horse culture in the entry for August 26, 1805; and on Nez Perce horses in the entry for late March, sometimes listed as Chapter 7. Nez Perce gelding of horses is from the journal entry of May 14, 1806.

Additional related material, not used specifically in this article, may be found in two articles by Francis Haines: "Where Did the Plains Indians Get Their Horses?" *American Anthropologist*, XL (1938), 112–17; and "The Northward Spread of Horses Among the Plains Indians," *ibid.*, 429–37.

The present article borrows largely from the two articles cited above, but the material is presented from a somewhat different viewpoint—the result of twenty-eight years of added meditation, some new material, and some new concepts. I do not present it as something brand new, conceived within the last few years.

Clearly, the Indian tribes need to be restudied in relation to the fur trade. Some interesting ideas have been advanced lately about noneconomic motivations of Indians in their relation to traders, for example, the status that was so highly prized by the "carrier tribes" who transported furs from the south of Canada to Hudson Bay, willing to starve and die for the ill-paid privilege. It would be fascinating to see such ideas pursued further. And I, for one, would be pleased to see serious studies undertaken of the relationships between particular traders and particular tribes—who the men were, how they established themselves among the tribes, the effect they had upon subsequent tribal history—the whole works. For that matter, we have scarcely a single history of a western Indian tribe that makes adequate use of fur-trade sources. The ethnologists have tended to pursue their own mystique, and their inclination has been all against reliance upon documentation preserved in a different culture. This avoidance of the appearance of evil would be ludicrous, except that historians formally concerned with the fur trade have been just as inept. I should like to say, however, that Alvin M. Josephy's lately published *The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest*, a work with a historical rather than an ethnological bias, shows brilliantly what can be done, both with Indians and with fur-trade sources. Josephy having established a precedent, maybe we will see studies of other tribes reflecting a comparable mastery of fur-trade documentation.

What I have said here is dominated to a considerable extent by my own specialization in the history of the trans-Mississippi West. I am not really competent to discuss the state of the art elsewhere, the Minnesota region, for example, or much of Canada. My personal horizons, nevertheless, continue to widen; the more I find out, the more I need to know; and peripheral interests have a way of becoming central. In a sense it is a comfort to be involved with such a large area of knowledge, one which with due regard for human mortality has no limits, never an end to the possibilities for learning something new. There are discomforts, too. It is easiest to write authoritatively on a subject when you do not know too much about it. The more you learn, the more you are tied down by facts, and the more difficult you find it to express a complex of fact with any degree of grace. But this essentially is a literary problem and though it does

away with "authority" forever. I think we need to take a fresh look at practically everything in sight.

We have gone a circuitous course to arrive back at the Messrs. Turner, Webb, and Chittenden. I ventured the opinion at the outset that Chittenden may have made a fundamentally more useful contribution to western history than either Turner or Webb. Chittenden has been useful to this degree because his hypotheses proceeded out of a body of data subject to being checked. We have reached a point where we ought to strike out beyond Chittenden, doing so, however, by a series of controlled hypotheses, constantly subject to the discipline of factual correction. If chroniclers of fur-trade history are equal to this challenge, Chittenden is going to be one of the casualties; from here on, his reputation can only decline.

He would not have been dissatisfied by that, I think. As a military man, Chittenden understood something about the bubble reputation pursued in the cannon's mouth. He did not set out to be one of the immortals, to feel himself brushed by angels' wings. He did a work for his day, a work no one had had the wit or the will to do before him; and because he did well what he set out to do, within the limitations of what it was then possible to do, Chittenden will have his own imperishable place in the historiography of America and its West. Any who follow him may rest content if their life work is assessed as comparably valuable.

The Indestructible Mrs. Brown *continued*

money on servants, demanded the best of everything, and lived up to the role of a fabulously wealthy widow in all but fact.

When in Denver, she preferred staying at the Brown Palace Hotel to her home, the House of Lions, and let it be known that she and not Henry C. Brown was the true owner of this eye-popping hostel. She also let the society editors know that she was about to become a member of the British peerage, but nothing came of it. She redecorated the House of Lions as her concept of a bower of the muses and gave recitations, readings, and levees which were attended by few but shameless hangers-on who came to sponge and sneer. On these occasions she was attended by a diminutive Negro whom she had attired as a Nubian slave in silk sash, turban, and flowing trousers with shoes turned up like the noses of the Four Hundred. She uncovered a former dramatic coach of Sarah Bernhardt, whom she hired for a startling fee to cram her for the role of *L'Aiglon*, and mounted a full-dress presentation of this classic in Paris with herself in the Bernhardt role. It was accounted by the critics a greater catastrophe than the *Titanic*.

And everywhere she went she personified the essence of corn that she came to believe was the aristocratic mien when she was a miner's bride in Leadville. A tall duchess cane like that carried by Madame Du Barry became her hallmark, and with it she poled her way through the lobbies of deluxe hotels and opera houses in London, Paris, and Nice. In the evening this shepherdess crook was adorned with fresh flowers to match her dresses. She became an international eccentric, one of the sights to see at the Royal Poinciana in Palm Beach or on the deck of the *Mauretania*, where she perhaps longed for another disaster comparable to the *Titanic*.

Her final gesture was as spacious and, alas, as spurious as the many that had preceded it; she offered to redeem the $14,000 mortgage on the Matchless mine in Leadville, where a colorful contemporary, Baby Doe Tabor, by now as mad as a Macbeth witch, was living in destitution that was to end in death.

But the unsinkable Mrs. Brown had no $14,000. Jim Brown had died intestate in 1922, with the result that what remained of the once ample estate was besieged by fortune hunters and imposters. Molly's claim to great wealth had attracted many claimants.

She died ten years after her Jim, a dowdy inmate of a single room in a New York women's club hotel where she frightened occupants of the elevators with her Du Barry cane and muttered snatches from Racine and other classic French dramatists.

Accused in her lifetime of being profligate with money, the unsinkable Mrs. Brown had been fond of laying her spendthrift ways to a generosity that was as big as all outdoors. "I have a heart like a ham," she used to say. History has returned the verdict that simple, ambitious, homely, strident, boastful, generous Mrs. Brown not only had a heart that was as big as a ham—she was ham all over.

BEEBE ON BEEBE

Reprinted from the San Francisco Chronicle, *February 13, 1966, in the column of Herb Caen.*

Some six years ago, Lucius Beebe sent to me from New York a most unusual document—a sort of autobiographical assessment of his dreams and aspirations,

neatly typed on pink paper. "Publish it as you see fit," he shrugged when I asked him later about the manuscript. Since it contrasts so sharply with his self-written obituary, printed after his unexpected death a week ago Friday, perhaps this is the fit time he had in mind. Here, then, is The Compleat Lucius Beebe, as seen through his own eyes:

"I admire most of all the Renaissance Man, and, if it can be said without pretentiousness, like to think of myself as one, at least in small measure. Not a Michelangelo, mark you, but perhaps a poor man's Cellini or a road company Cosmo d'Medici. The Medieval Man and Renaissance Man did a number of things, many of them well, a few beautifully. He was no damned specialist.

"I like to think that Chuck [Charles Clegg, his collaborator—Ed.] and I do a number of things that have no special relationship to one another, some of them passing well. In *The Territorial Enterprise*, we run [As of that time—Ed.] a paper of outrage that only incidentally is the largest weekly west of the Missouri. Anyway, it's the best of its kind. Our books on the West and railroading are the best we can devise, always beautifully produced and sometimes intelligent. The fact that they appear from time to time as best sellers isn't particularly pertinent. It may even be a liability to the perfectionism we aim at.

"We admire to give good parties, and the measure of their success is the number of empties, the size of the restaurant bill, and the number of screams for bail during the night.

"If anything is worth doing, it's worth doing in style. And on your own terms and nobody's goddamed else's. I like nice clothes because they are an item in an overall façade. In themselves they are something silly and foppish. I like big houses and hotel suites and a big dog because they become me. Not for ostentation, but because they give me personal pleasure and satisfaction.

"I prefer Rolls-Royces and Bentleys simply and without any equivocation because they are the best. Not just runners-up or compromises, but the best, like Bollinger's, Colt's firearms, suits by Henry Pool, and traveling Cunard.

"Chuck and I keep a private railroad car because it has style and comfort and we are maybe railroad touched in the haid, and anyway, the dog likes it. Also there is no bartender to say 'That will be all for you, sir.'

"We like people who never give a passing thought to public opinion or the suffrage of society, not who deliberately antagonize it, but simply are unaware that it exists. We like Gene Fowler's aphorism, 'Money is something to be thrown off the back of trains.' If we cease to have the money or the trains, either, we've got memories and may even get good obits if the competition isn't too keen that day. I'd like the obits to say: 'Everything he did was made to measure. He never got an idea off the rack.'

"It is my conviction that there are more Renaissance Men who have been abroad in the land in my happy time than most folk suspect. I will cite Harold Ross, Monty Woolley, Gene Fowler, Amy Lowell, Bernard de Voto, Spencer Penrose, Senator J. Ham Lewis, Evalyn Walsh McLean, Tallu Bankhead, Timothy Pflueger, Ogden Reid, Dave Chasen, Frank Lloyd Wright, Noel Coward, W. C. Fields, Bill McGehan, Amon Carter, Henri Soule, William A. Brady, and John Drew. Not a radio commentator or TV comedian in the lot.

"All these people were Renaissance Men and Women in that they did something well, in many cases more than one thing, and never in their lives thought to consult anybody else as to how to conduct their persons. Some of them were rich, most of them gentlemen, and all of them possessed that one radiant qualification: the knowledge of excellence. Not the damned reference mind, which IBM will do better for you anyway, but a knowledge and appreciation of excellence. They wrote, edited, acted, whored, drank, sang songs, served the nation, wrote history, and made enemies in their own pattern.

"I take leave of you with an aphorism of the late Michael Arlen, in his way, too, a Renaissance Man, although he only did one thing well and that only once: 'I require very little of life. I want only the best of everything, and there's so little of that.' "

This last solves a minor mystery in the obituaries on Lucius' death -- the attribution of that quote to him when it was well known as Arlen's (the author of *The Green Hat*). Anyway, I like his own line better, for truly everything he did was made to measure -- he never got an idea off the rack.

A Beebe Profile by Charles M. Clegg Lucius Morris Beebe, journalist, b. Wakefield, Mass., December 9, 1902; s. Junius and Eleanor (Merrick) Beebe; special student at Harvard University, 1924-25, Yale, 1926; A.B. Harvard, 1927; unmarried. Formerly corres. *N.Y. Evening Post*; feature-writer on staff *Boston Telegraph*, 1924; contributor to literary section *Boston Evening Transcript*;

staff *N.Y. Herald Tribune*, 1929–51; writer syndicated column "This New York," 1933–43, member Nevada State Board Economic Development; member of Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, Wine Food Society of America (member executive committee); Chi Delta Theta; Republican. Clubs: Players, Coffee House, (N.Y.); Triangle Club of Princeton University (hon. mem.). Author: *Fallen Stars*, 1921; *Corydon and Other Poems*, 1924; *François Villon, Certain Aspects*, 1925; *Edwin Arlington Robinson and The Arthurian Legend*, 1927; *Aspects of the Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, 1928; *Boston and the Boston Legend*, 1935; *High Iron, A Book of Trains*, 1938; *Highliners, A Railroad Album*, 1940; *Trains in Transition*, 1941; *Snoot If You Must*, 1943; *Highball, A Pageant of Trains*, 1945; *The Stork Club Bar Book*, 1946; *Comstock Commotion, The Story of the Territorial Enterprise*, 1954; (With R. J. Buckley) *A Bibliography of the Work of Edwin Arlington Robinson*, 1931; (With Jerome Zerbe, Jr.) *People on Parade*, 1934; (With Charles M. Clegg) *Mixed Train Daily, A Book of Short Line Railroads*, 1947; (With Clegg) *U.S. West, The Saga of Wells Fargo*, 1949; (With Clegg) *Virginia and Truckee, A Story of Virginia City and Comstock Times*, 1949; (With Clegg) *Legends of the Comstock Lode*, 1950; (With Clegg) *Cable Car Carnival*, 1950; (With Clegg) *Hear the Train Blow*, 1952; (With Clegg) *The American West*, 1955; (With Clegg) *Steamcars to the Comstock*, 1957; (With Clegg) *The Age of Steam*, 1957; (With Clegg) *Narrow Gauge in the Rockies*, 1958; *Mansions on Rails, The Folklore of the Private Railway Car*, 1959 (With Clegg) *San Francisco's Golden Era*, 1960; *Author of Mr. Pullman's Elegant Palace Car*, 1961; (With Clegg) *When Beauty Rode the Rails*, 1962; *20th Century Limited*, 1962; (With Clegg) *Rio Grande, Mainline of the Rockies*, 1962; *The Central Pacific & The Southern Pacific Railroads (Including 121 Photographs by Richard Steinheimer)*, 1963; *The Overland Limited*, 1963; (With Clegg) *Great Railroad Photographs U.S.A.*, 1964; (With Clegg) *The Trains We Rode, Volume I*, 1965 (Vol. II to appear Fall 1966); *Two Trains to Remember*, 1965. Publisher: *The Territorial Enterprise*, Virginia City, 1952–60 Contributor: articles to reviews and periodicals. Collaborated with Professor Charles Townsend Copeland on the *Copeland Reader*, 1925. Home: Virginia City, Nevada.

The Legacy of the Middle Ages *continued*

[29] White, *Medieval Technology and Social Change*, p. 87. Hero's windmill was an armchair invention which was probably never built and had no subsequent influence; cf. A. G. Drachmann, "Hero's Windmill," *Centaurus*, VII (1960), 145–51.

[30] S. Shapiro, "The Origin of the Suction Pump," *Technology and Culture*, V (1964), 566–74.

[31] For the stirrup, cf. White, *op. cit.*, p. 27. In *Zeitschrift für historische Waffen und Kostümkunde*, Neue Folge, VII (1940), 50–52, H. A. Knorr summarizes the Swedish publications of H. Olssen (1936–37) on the origin of rowel spurs as illustrated by Swedish finds. In the eleventh century prick spurs were supplemented by spurs having a loose ball or small plate. By the thirteenth century this had become a horizontal rowel. The vertical rowel begins to come in at the end of the thirteenth century.

[32] F. M. Feldhaus, *Die Technik der Vorzeit, der geschichtlichen Zeit und der Naturvölker* (Leipzig, 1914), p. 87.

[33] R. J. Forbes, *Short History of the Art of Distillation* (Leiden, 1948), pp. 87–89.

[34] K. Sudhoff, "Weiteres zur Geschichte der Destillationstechnik," *Archiv für Geschichte der Naturwissenschaften und Technik*, V (1915), 283–84.

[35] J. Read, "Alchemy under James IV of Scotland," *Ambix*, II (1938–39), 65.

[36] C. P. Hargrave, *A History of Playing Cards* (Boston, 1930), pp. 39, 88, 159, 223–24, 257.

[37] R. von Mansberg, "Die antike Hinrichtung am Pfahl oder Kreuz," *Zeitschrift für Kulturgeschichte*, VII (1900), 52–80.

[38] P. Franchi de' Cavalieri, "Della furca e della sua sostituzione alla croce nel diritto penale romano," *Nuovo bullettino di archeologia cristiana*, XIII (1907), 65–78.

[39] A. Ernaut and A. Meillet, *Dictionnaire étymologique de la langue latine* (4th ed.; Paris, 1959), s.v.

[40] *Germania*, c. 12 (London, 1914), 280: "proditores et transfugas arboribus suspendunt." The Romans spoke of any sort of *crux*, *furca* or *patibulum* as *arbor infelix* or *infelix lignum*; cf. G. Humbert, "Crux," in C. Daremberg and E. Saglio, *Dictionnaire des antiquités grecques et romaines*, I (Paris, 1887), p. 1575.

[41] Franchi de' Cavalieri, *op. cit.*, pp. 87–90.

[42] *Historiarum adversum paganos libri VII*, V, 16, ed. C. Zangemeister (Leipzig, 1889), p. 164: "homines laqueis collo iniectis ex arboribus suspensi sunt." F. Strom, *On the Sacral Origin of the Germanic Death Penalties* (Stockholm, 1942), p. 141, in an effort to deny the distinction between sacrificial and criminal executions, neglects the implication of the smashed booty and credits the whole episode to *furor teutonicus*.

[43] Excellent pictures of the Tollund find are provided by P. V. Glob in the *National Geographic Magazine*, CV (1954), 419–30.

[44] Strom, *op. cit.*, frontispiece and p. 144.

[45] E. Oxenstierna, *Die Wikinger* (Stuttgart, 1959), p. 162, fig.

[46] Adam Bremensis, *Gesta Hammaburgensis ecclesiae pontificum*, IV, 27, ed. B. Schmeidler (Hanover, 1917), p. 260.

[47] Cf. O. Goetz, "'Hie henckett Judas'," in *Form und Inhalt: Kunstgeschichtliche Studien Otto Schmitt . . . dargebracht*, ed. H. Wentzell (Stuttgart, 1950), p. 109, note 6.

[48] Cottonian Claudius B. IV, fol. 57r; cf. *supra* note 16; cf. Strutt, *op. cit.*, plate XV, fig. 6.

[49] W. Neuss, *Die katalanisch Bibelillustration um die Wende des ersten Jahrtausends* (Bonn, 1922), plate 40; cf. pp. 28–29 for date.

[50] E. Garrison, *Studies in the History of Medieval Italian Painting*, II (Florence, 1956), p. 170, fig. 186; for the date, cf. pp. 228–32.

[51] A. Z. V. Togan, "Ibn Fadlan's Reisebericht," *Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, XXIV, 3 (Leipzig, 1939), 88.

[52] K. von Amira, "Die germanischen Todesstrafen," *Abhandlungen der Bayerischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Phil.-hist. Kl.*, XXXI, 3 (1922), 89, 93.

[53] Ordericus Vitalis, *Historia ecclesiastica*, Pars II, Lib. III, c. 13, in J. P. Migne, *Patrologia latina*, CLXXXVIII (Paris, 1890), 267.

[54] C. J. Bishko, "The Peninsular Background of Latin American Cattle Ranching," *Hispanic American Historical Review*, XXXII (1952), 491–515; "The Castilian as Plainsman: The Medieval Ranching Frontier in La Mancha and Estremadura," in *The New World Looks at Its History*, ed. A. R. Lewis and T. F. McGann (Austin, 1963), pp. 47–69.

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